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M. Stanton Evans on:
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NATIONAL REVIEW

LADIES' DAY IN HOUSTON

Abortion, Equal Rights, and Robert's Rules of Order

James Jackson Kilpatrick

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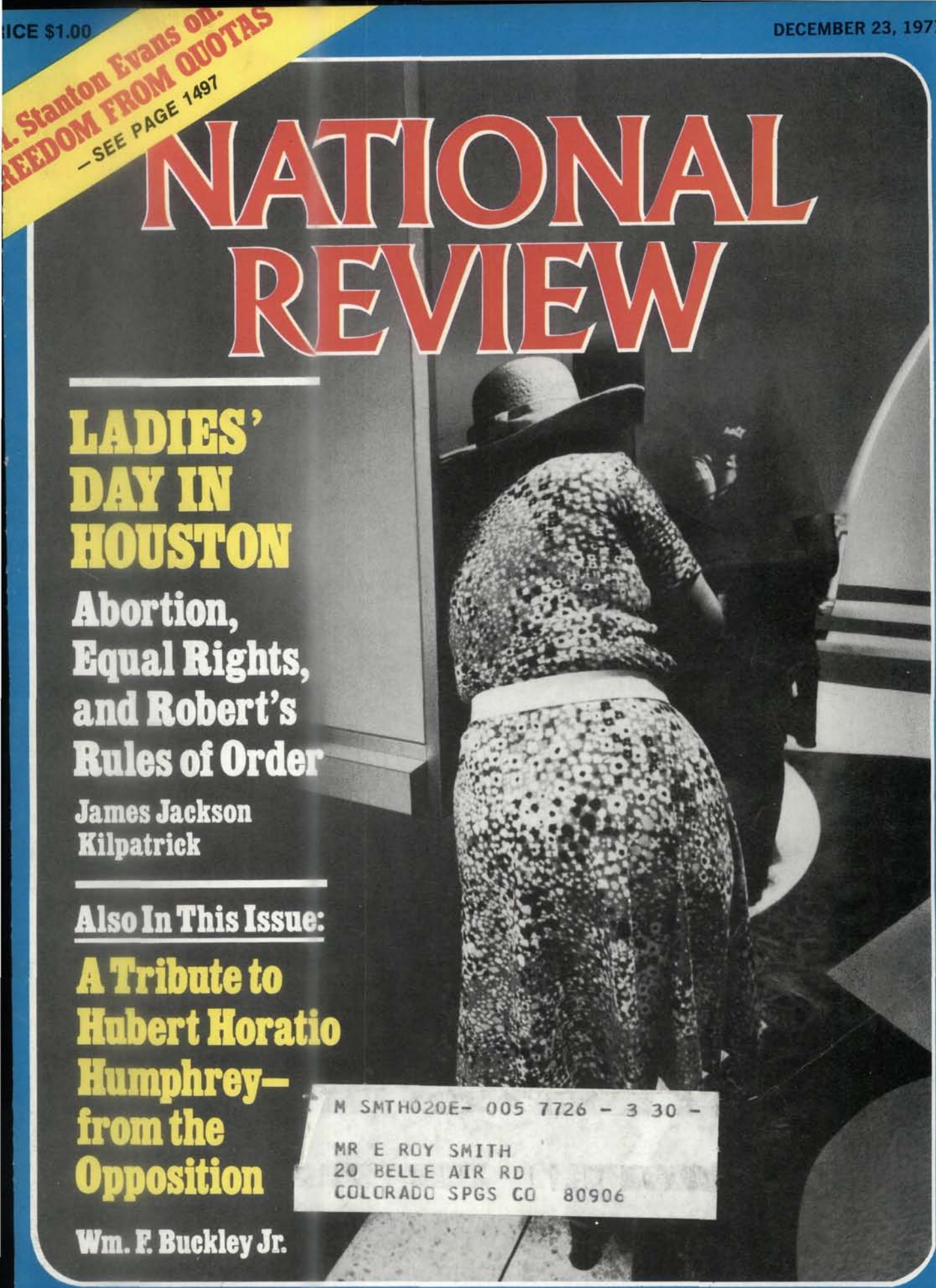
A Tribute to Hubert Horatio Humphrey– from the Opposition

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.



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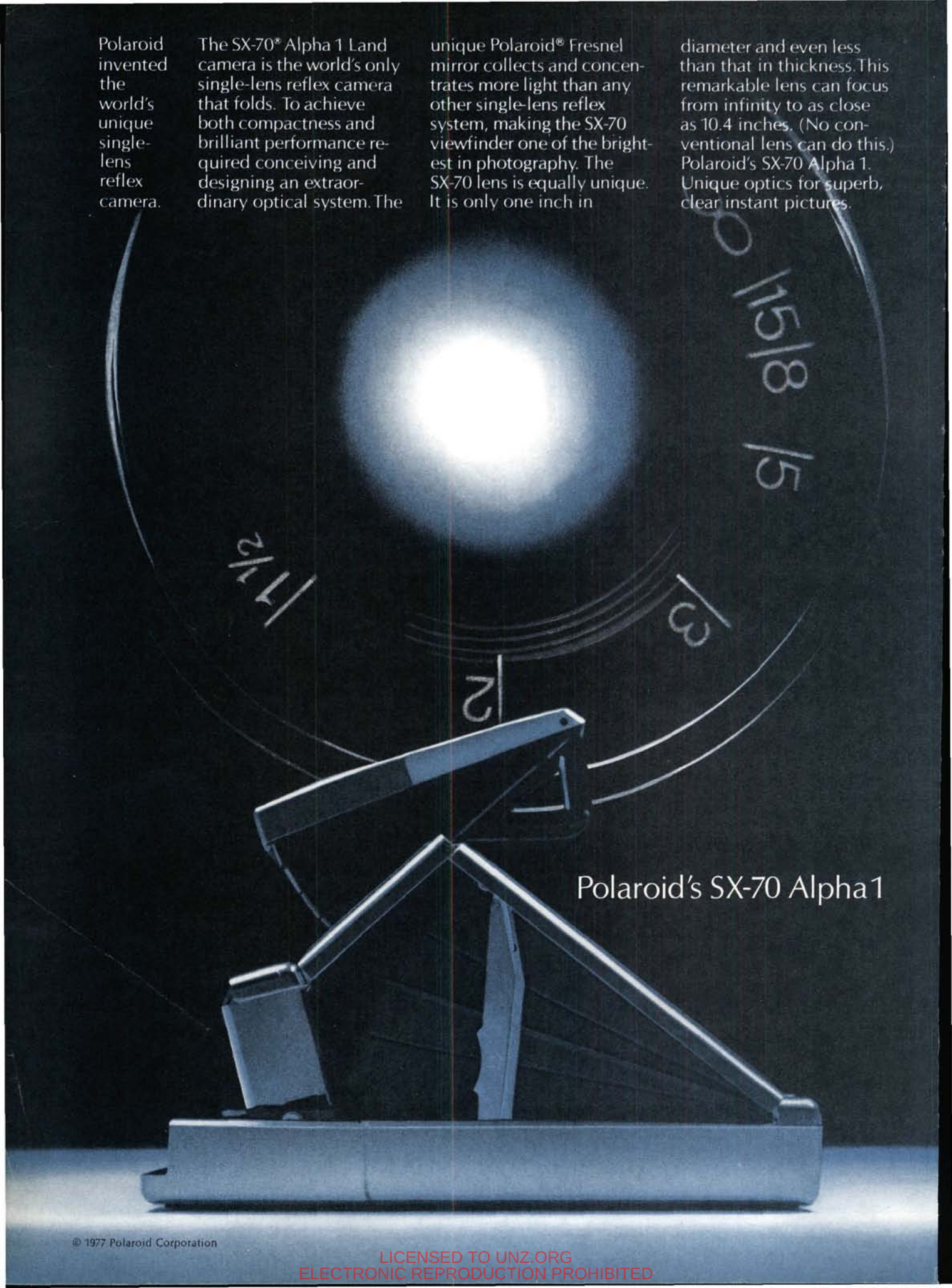

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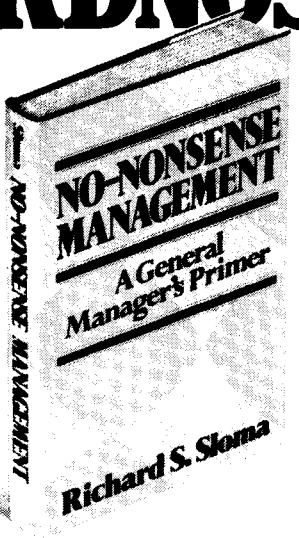

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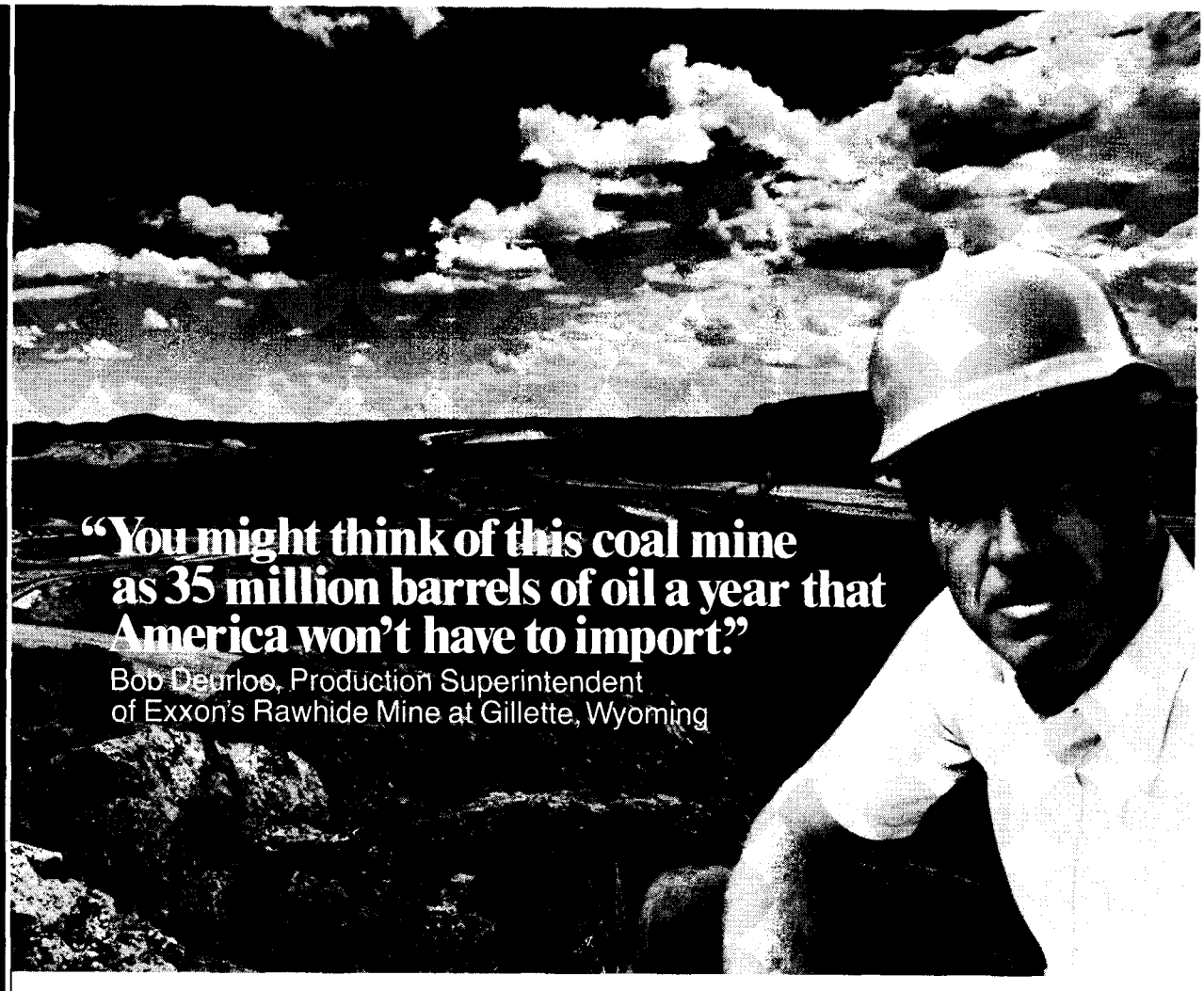
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NATIONAL REVIEW

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They wore dresses, slacks, muu-muus, even bras. The surprise of the Houston feminist convention was not that it was done at all, but that it was done so well. It accomplished everything it was meant to accomplish. And it included plenty of dissenters—they just didn't get much chance to dissent. One smooth operation. *James J. Kilpatrick*

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Letters

The Council and Its Enemies

I was glad to see an insider's explanation of what the Council on Foreign Relations is all about ["A Member of the CFR Talks Back," by Zygmunt Nagorski, Dec. 9]. Frankly, I found Mr. Nagorski's description of the Council to be pretty much what I had expected: somewhat fuzzy, do-gooding liberal ("The Council is a place where representatives of the private and public sectors meet and are engaged in continuing dialogue. Since its inception the Council has felt free to invite proponents of all views"), but totally benign.

Incidentally, I think that perhaps just because of this liberal benignity, Mr. Nagorski misses the likeliest explanation for the paranoia that is felt about the CFR in certain right-wing circles. It seems to me that these right-wingers have fallen into the same trap as the Left: they refuse to believe in what might be called Original Sin (although I mean by this the empirical observation that man is imperfect, which one can accept whether or not one accepts the theological explanation of it), and so they are forced to look for something else to blame for the world's not being perfect.

New Haven, Conn. FREDERICK ELLIOT

1984 Now

"Thought Control in Mao's China" by William Berkson [Oct. 14] is simply stupefying. Westerners—Americans in particular—who may have regarded Orwell's *1984* as prophecy gone daft must now realize that *1984* was but the antechamber to Hell-on-earth. Its realization, in a nation of 900 million, exceeds by far the inhumanness of that thirty-year-old prophecy.

More incomprehensible still is our nation's foreign policy *vis-à-vis* Mainland China. The reports of our deluded delegations to this horrorland confirm with a vengeance Malcolm Muggeridge's statement that a malign thanatopsis afflicts Western Civilization. Unmindful of our Judaeo-Christian heritage, we make deals with Satan, consigning, with apparent equanimity, billions of our fellow men to a certain Hell. Rightly do we deride ostriches who bury their heads in the sand; more rightly still ought we stand aghast at sentient human beings who welcome their all-too-likely executioners.

Acton, Mass. WILLIAM C. RAY

NR's question as to why there is no Chinese Solzhenitsyn is a good one, but it can also be a tricky one.

Today's Russian opposition really began with Khrushchev's "secret speech" attacking Stalin in 1956. Khrushchev's patronage put the late Aleksandr Tvardovsky, a liberal, in charge of *Novy Mir, the official literary magazine, in 1958.* Endeavoring to build up an anti-Stalin constituency for himself, Khrushchev permitted Solzhenitsyn's first book, *Ivan Denisovich*, to pass the censors; it was published officially in 1962.

The ideas first voiced quietly in that period have now reached a fearless maturity and decisively parted ways with Communism. But it took over ten years.

Many straws in the wind suggest a similar course of events might be possible in China. The party itself is becoming (like Khrushchev) more honest—at least about the past (the *People's Daily* promises to carry more straight news; General Yeh Chien-ying promises a new official Party history). Creative writers are being allowed more leeway. At least one dissident—Li Cheng-t'ien, author of a brilliant and daring wall-poster, "Concerning Socialist Democracy and Legality"—is finally known in the West as a face among the otherwise anonymous inhabitants of China's Gulag.

What is missing so far is not the will to dissent, but rather the critical link with the powers that be. This being so, we must reject the conclusion that a careless reader might draw from this article: namely, that there is no Chinese Solzhenitsyn because there *can* never be one.

China's "revolution" is half the age of Russia's. If history were to repeat itself, China's Solzhenitsyn would now be 27 years old. Of course, history will not, and we cannot be sure of exactly what form his work will take. But I think that there can be little doubt that he is alive, somewhere in China, today.

Cambridge, Mass. ARTHUR N. WALDRON

Elephants and Thoroughbreds

I read with some amusement Donald Lindquist's suggestion that conservative Republicans abandon the sinking elephant and attack the liberal enemy from within the Democratic Party ["Operation Trojan Donkey," Oct. 28]. It makes pleasant Sunday evening reading but is worthless as a strategy for a conservative comeback.

As RNC Chairman Bill Brock has stressed all year, Republicans do not need a new name or a new party, but new faces that will offer voters an intelligent conservative alternative.

A handsome example of this strategy's success is Mr. Lindquist's own suggested battleground, the House of Representatives. In two special elections this year,

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Carter Cabinet members Brock Adams and Bob Bergland, who each won re-election last November by over 70 per cent, were replaced by personable conservative Republicans. And of course this August, Robert Livingston became the first Republican elected to Congress from Louisiana's First District in 102 years.

All of which goes to prove that the racetrack to conservative success awaits us, if only we can supply the thoroughbreds.

Riverside, Calif. JAMES SELTH

So There!

Con-SARN it, will you-all kind'y keep that there D. Keith Mano felluh penned in north of the Mason-Dixon whar he belongs ["Roadside America," Sept. 16]?

I git plum 's ornery as Billy Rickenbacker when he starts gallivantin' 'round tri'n talk like homefolks. And him lookin' down his nose so high an' mighty at a few hones' farm boys tri'n make a honest buck off a li'l snake show.

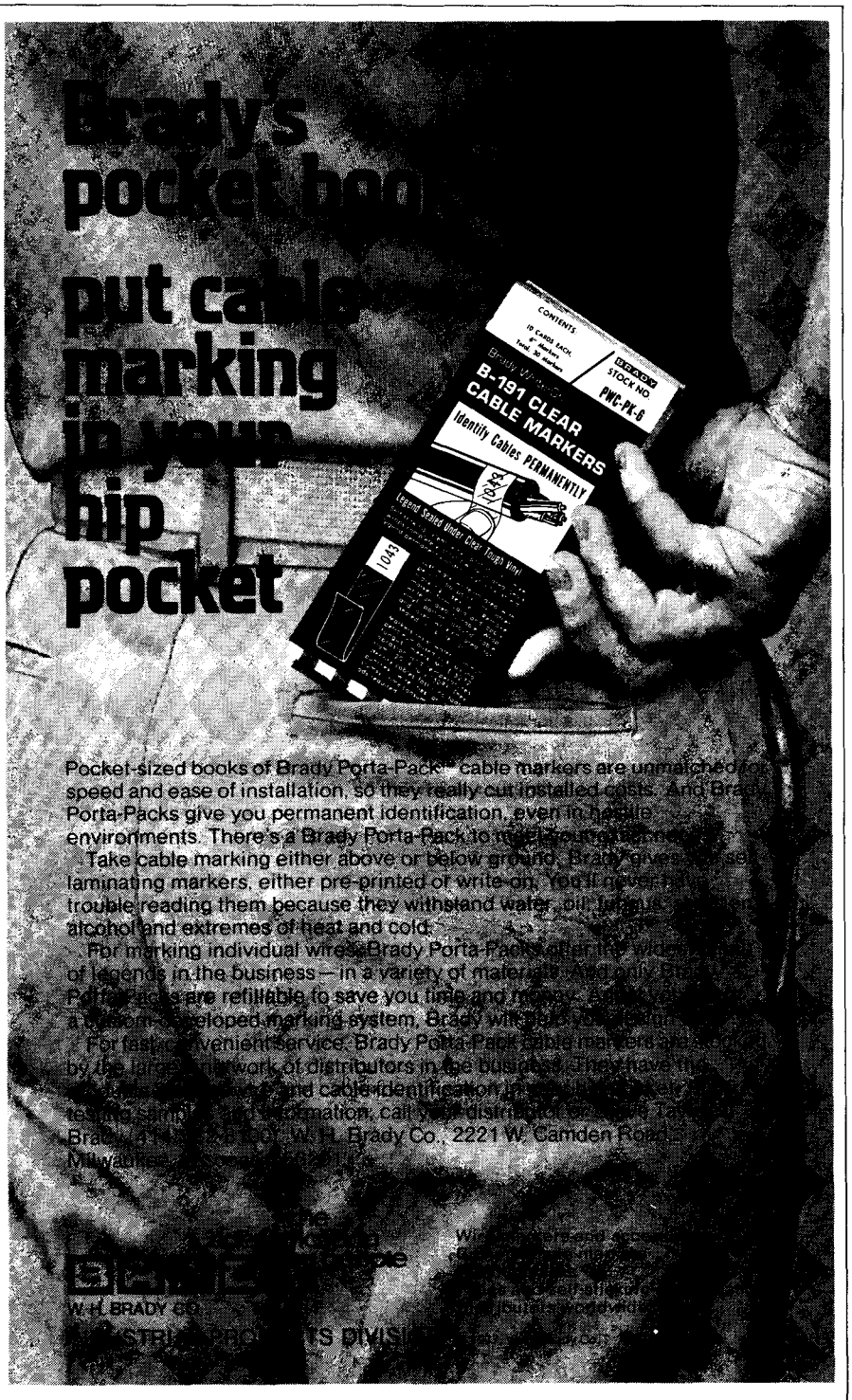
Who's he reckon he air, Flannery O'Connor?

Way I figgur it, we been gittin' our hides tooken by them thar Yankee fancymen, peddlers, and Franklin Deficit Rooseyvelt so long, why it's only fittin' an' proper we get a li'l back from them gullible city folk. Sorta whut them newfangled books call "distributive justice."

'Sides, they's more good Baptists in just Nawth Car'lina (not countin' backsliders) than they is E-piscopalians, period.

What kinda name *is* Mano, anyway?

Louisburg, N.C. B. L. STEELMAN



Death Wish

Regarding Malcolm Muggeridge's theory about the presence of a "death wish" in every dying civilization ["The Cheery Doomsayer," Sept. 16], I can think of a likelier theory to explain the incredible phenomenon of modern liberalism. In the first place, I fail to see where the death-wish theory has much to recommend it. The refusal of human nature to bow to the nebulous theories of the sociologist, the psychoanalyst, or the Politburo has, as Muggeridge aptly pointed out, been well demonstrated by Solzhenitsyn in Soviet Russia, the very mecca of our social engineers.

I wish I could share Muggeridge's view of the future. The approaching death of Western Civilization leaves me with a profound sense of bereavement, and I find but cold comfort in the fact that its demise will mean the end of this hopelessly advanced melanoma of modern liberalism on the gluteus maximus of the body politic. For death, although a sure way to terminate a cancer, is by no means necessarily a consummation devoutly to be wished. Greek civilization had the unusual good fortune to be overthrown by those who were sensible enough to stand in awe of that which they had just conquered. Will the monuments of Western Civilization have a like good fortune? Or will Mozart and Beethoven disappear in a pentatonic wail and Milton be relegated to the antiquarian?

San Antonio, Tex. MURL J. MANLOVE

YAF in New York

I very much enjoyed reading Fred Dempsey's account of the YAF convention in New York ["Wisdom in New York," Sept. 16]. Mr. Dempsey is indeed one of the Right's rising young journalistic stars.

One point of clarification: Total attendance at our New York convention numbered roughly 750 while the D.C. convention four years ago drew roughly 900. Hence, this convention was somewhat smaller than Washington, but certainly not "half as large" as Fred's article states.

Sterling, Va. RON ROBINSON
Executive Director, YAF

As a member of Massachusetts YAF and a delegate to the 1977 YAF National Con-

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vention, I must say I was disappointed with one small section of Frederick R. Dempsey's article.

The author claims that "the only major controversy of the convention was over a resolution calling for the decriminalization of marijuana."

What about that loud and sometimes angry debate on the resolution dealing with South Africa?

While I support the right of the Republic of South Africa to exist, I could not support that part of the resolution which read, "WHEREAS, the Republic of South Africa is not attempting to export its unique response of Apartheid to its unique racial problem."

This paragraph shouldn't have been there. YAF stands for freedom, and freedom is indivisible. YAF members should be concerned over injustice, oppression, and discrimination whether practiced in Cuba, the USSR, or South Africa. Many Yaffers felt as I did and the vote tally on the resolution (121 to 117) showed this.

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Charlestown, Mass. SAL J. GIARRATANI

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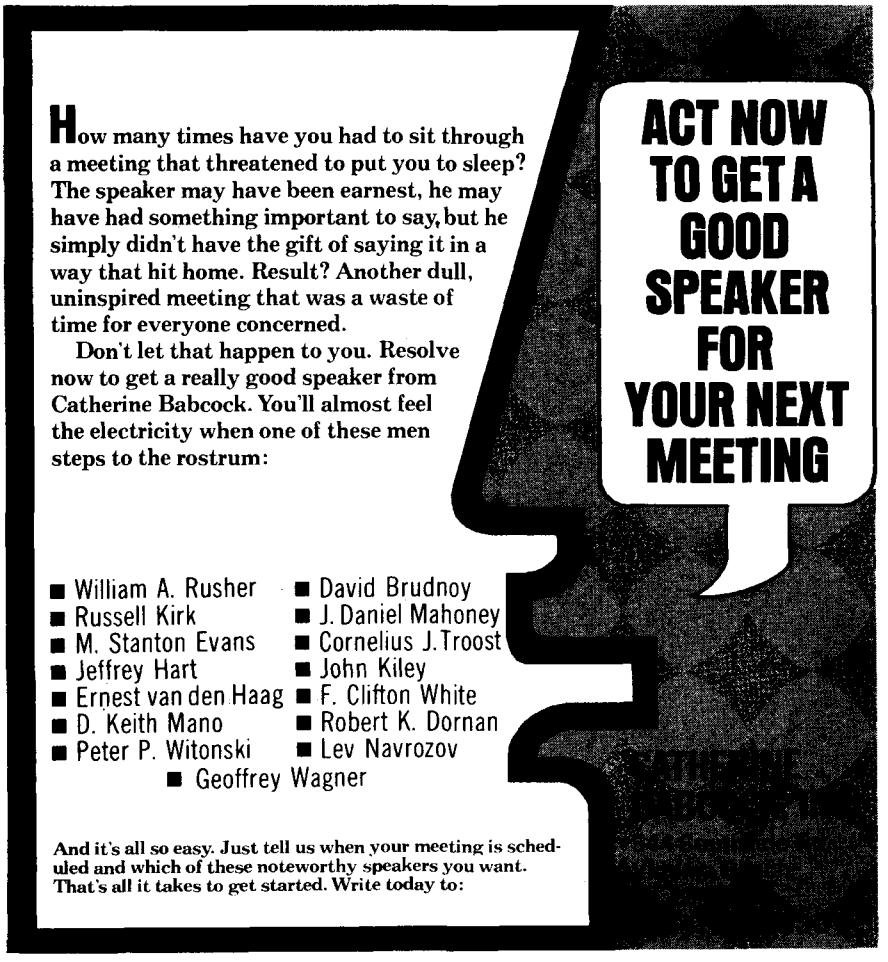
The Breeder Reactor

Bernard L. Cohen leads off his article "The Case for the Breeder Reactor" [Sept. 16] with an argument about the toxicity of plutonium. Here he sets up a straw man to demolish, and demolish it he does, with all the fury of Don Quixote charging the windmill. He says, for example, "Given the choice of being in a room with an open one-pound can of plutonium or of nerve gas, you would be infinitely safer [infinitely, yet!] with the former."

One does not need to be a professor of physics, or even a student of physics, to observe that Mr. Cohen does not say that plutonium is not poisonous; only that it is less poisonous than some other substances. And do I correctly understand him to mean that a man would not die if he were close to one pound of pure, *unshielded* plutonium?

I note that his discussion of nuclear safety does not include the possibility of a nuclear accident in a breeder reactor, though this very matter is of the utmost concern to those responsible for design and operation of such reactors. (Despite what Mr. Cohen says, the professional nuclear physicists, of whom, apparently, he is not one, do not deny the dangers of the materials they handle; they are mostly very conscious of those dangers, and have attempted to design safeguards to control the maximum possible accident they can foresee.) It is common knowledge that the only "breeder" so far attempted in the U.S.—the Enrico Fermi reactor near Detroit—was brought to the very brink of start-up and "went critical" in the closest near-miss our nuclear program has seen. Before it was shut down and dismantled, plans were made to evacuate Detroit on short notice if controls failed and the plant "went up" in a nuclear explosion. There was the definite possibility of casualties, not of 100,000 people packed into a single building, but of millions of people spread over thousands of square miles. The accident was traumatic enough so that those who *do* use nuclear techniques in their work every day made no attempt to reactivate the Fermi plant, and did not attempt another breeder for upwards of a decade; and when they did attempt another one, they located it far from any population centers.

Cambridge, Minn. JOHN E. HARRY


How many times have you had to sit through a meeting that threatened to put you to sleep? The speaker may have been earnest, he may have had something important to say, but he simply didn't have the gift of saying it in a way that hit home. Result? Another dull, uninspired meeting that was a waste of time for everyone concerned.
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Mr. Cohen Replies

My article gives numbers on specifically how poisonous plutonium is. For example, inhaling a million particles of the most dangerous size will give a 50 per cent risk of cancer. There would be no danger in being close to unshielded plutonium, or even in carrying pounds of it in one's pocket; it is only dangerous when inhaled as a finely powdered dust.

I *did not discuss reactor accidents* for the reason that, in fact, those who work in that area believe it is very safe.

I *am* a professional nuclear physicist, director of a $600,000-per-year nuclear physics research program, former chairman of the professional society of U.S. nuclear physicists, and author of a widely used textbook in that field. I have had extensive experience in handling radioactivity (including plutonium) and have always complied with regulations on allowable exposure.

Mr. Harry is grossly misinformed about the accident at the Fermi reactor. There is nothing that could possibly have happened there that could have posed a

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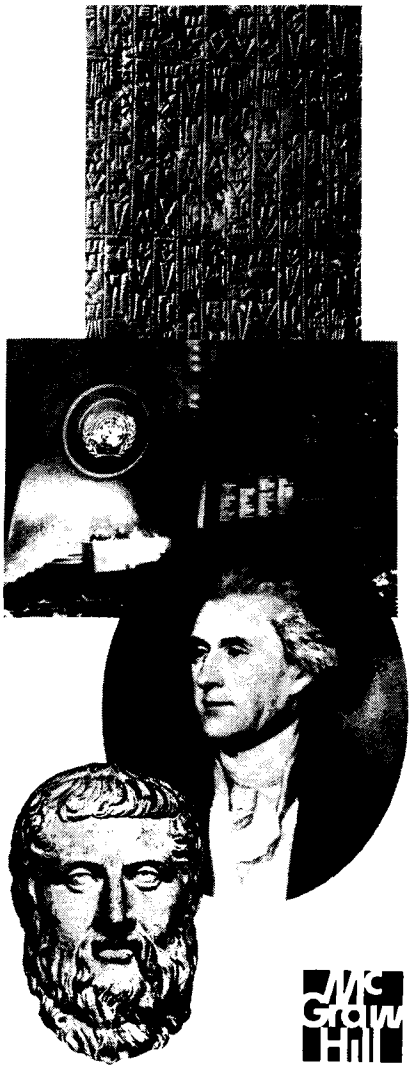

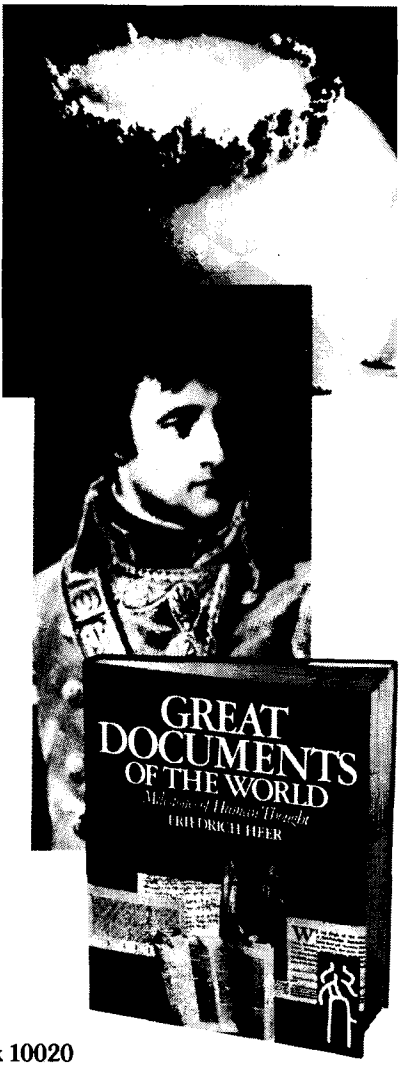

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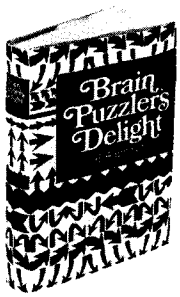
threat to people in Detroit (there was very little radioactivity in the reactor so the consequences, if it had been released into the environment, would have been minimal). "Going critical" had nothing to do with the problem; there is no possibility of a "nuclear explosion" (in the sense in which that phrase is usually used) in that or any other power reactor; there was no consideration given to evacuating Detroit; and the Fermi reactor was not dismantled after the accident, but was repaired and operated for some time.

Pittsburgh, Pa. BERNARD L. COHEN

Brain Puzzler's Delight

By E. R. Emmet



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See Spot Run

Aesthetically, I agree with every word Vrest Orton ["Why Johnny Can't Read," Sept. 2] says. (Well, practically every word: Does he really find a skyscraper like, say, New York's Chrysler Building unlovable? And doesn't he recognize that there are sans-serifs and then there are sans-serifs? Helvetica, which you used to illustrate his point, is truly ghastly, but Optima, for example, is not uncivilized.) But in practical terms I am afraid he is only half right. Johnny may be less *inclined* to read if he's brought up on sans-serif, but as for being *able* to read it, research has shown that, not too surprisingly, people read most easily whatever sort of type they were first taught to read. Furthermore, to blame sans-serif for Johnny's troubles in an age that has also included progressive education and television is to blame a symptom, not the disease.

Baltimore, Md. LAURA DI STEFANO

Has Vrest Orton ever taught a first-grader? Granted, let's have better print in our textbooks, but a million lovely books won't make Johnny read. He needs phonics. Teach him a few letters at a time, show him how to blend them together and write them, give him practice reading and spelling the words, and Johnny will learn to read—even if they are printed in his own manuscript. Show a first-grader page 1006 of NATIONAL REVIEW, and I'll wager he'll recognize *more* words *more* readily from your sans-serif paragraph than from any of the other types because it is larger, clearer, and more suitable for a young child's vision.

Harlingen, Tex. RAE WOLF

I really liked Vrest Orton's article. Aesthetically, it makes a lot of sense, and I'm saving it in case I ever teach a course in Design again.

Sans-serif is the visual equivalent of rock music, which is probably why Johnny doesn't know how to listen, either. Perhaps it is all a Communist plot. Or more likely, a capitalist conspiracy to make Johnny watch more and more TV, thus having all his information preselected and simplified for easier mass manipulation. However, I fear the real reasons Johnny can't read are even more terrifying because there is no one, easy, external bad guy to blame. Too often, Johnny's parents don't give a damn about Johnny or his emotional and intellectual growth. And ultimately, Johnny can't read because he doesn't want to.

Bronx, N.Y. JUDY BLOCK

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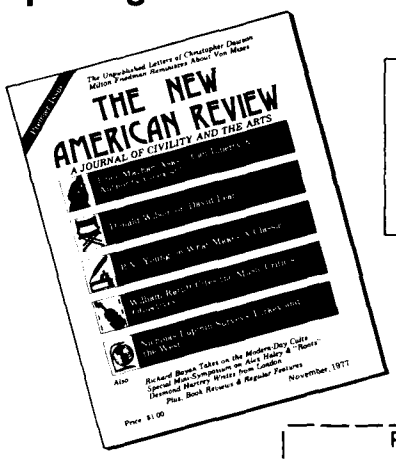

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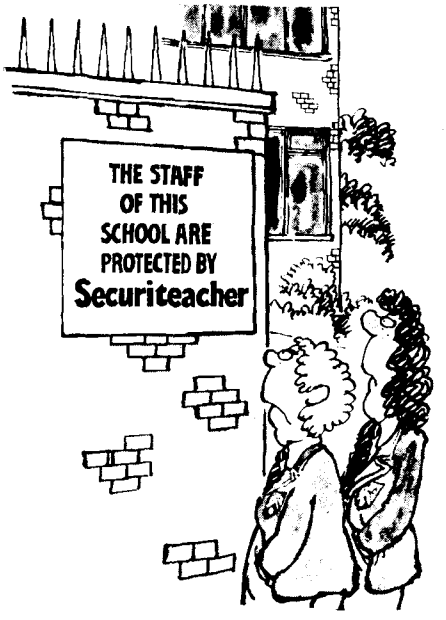
FOR THE RECORD

■ **Jimmy Carter** is sore at **Fidel Castro** for giving him the runaround on nonexistent Cuban troop withdrawals from Africa—and he's letting him know about it. In the UN, **Andy** ("stabilizing presence") **Young** is denouncing Cuban "colonialism" in Africa left and right, and National Security Advisor **Zbigniew Brzezinski** has revealed U.S. intelligence reports that Cuba now has 27,000 troops in Africa—give or take a couple of thousand. . . . Castro in turn has gotten sore. He told a bunch of **U.S. reporters** the other day that Brzezinski is "magnifying" the problem, and that anyway he had "no business" releasing those reports. . . . **Evans & Novak** write that Andy Young told them that "Castro once said that when [**Henry**] **Kissinger** talked of 15,000 Cuban soldiers in Angola, the figure was closer to 50,000." . . . **Pat Holt**, former chief of staff of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, points out that at the 27,000 figure, "there are almost as many Cubans in proportion to population [in Angola] as there were Americans in Vietnam." . . . Despite all of which, Havana announces that for the first time in 16 years there will be regular **commercial flights** from the U.S. to Havana next year—charter flights for tourists. And they are starting to be advertised in U.S. papers—eight days, seven nights in Cuba, just about everything paid for, for around 600 bucks.

■ Majority Leader **Robert Byrd** is rather breezy about it. He now thinks the Panama treaties will be passed early next year—possibly in March—with a "statement of understanding" appended. . . . But Byrd seems to be the only important senator who thinks so. Senators **Eagleton** (D., Mo.), **Stevens** (R., Alaska), and **Wallop** (R., Wyo.), all of whom have recently visited Panama, are doubtful. None of them thinks the treaties will be passed as now written. . . . The **ACU** is taking the lead in the attack against the treaties. It reports that it has spent half a million on the campaign thus far and offers a wide list of anti-ratification material ranging all the way from tape cassettes (Sens. **Hatch**, **Allen**, and **Laxalt**) to canned newspaper ads.



McLachlan, *Punch* Rothco

■ Minority Leader **Howard Baker,** who has clammed up **Gordon Liddy**-like on how he'll vote on the treaties, is plenty ready to talk about the present SALT negotiations. "Carter," Baker says, "is giving away the store [on this one]." . . . The White House received another setback on SALT last week when three Democratic senators on the Armed Services Committee (**Thomas McIntyre**, N.H., **John Culver**, Iowa, and **Dale Bumpers**, Ark.), who are believed to favor SALT-II, wrote Carter urging him to stiffen the agreement on six points. . . . Over in the House, 31 congressmen are backing Representative **Paul Trible** (R., Va.) in his attempt to block the sale of the CF6 jet engine—America's most powerful jet engine—to the Soviet Union.

■ According to the *Baltimore Sun* it was **Fritz Mondale**'s "one man, one vote" statement about South Africa that led to **John Vorster**'s landslide win there. It just about did in the opposition Progressive Party, says the *Sun*. . . . Much of the black press in America (*Amsterdam News*, *Carolina Times*) is sore at Andy Young for not voting in favor of economic sanctions against South Africa in the UN. Reports black columnist **John Hawkins** of the Trotskyist *Militant*, "In essence, Young's veto of the UN sanctions was a vote to perpetuate the misery of blacks in South Africa." . . . In France, **Régis Debray**, the leftist theoretician who was captured with **Che Guevara** in Bolivia, has received the coveted Prix Femina for his novel *La Neige Brûle*, which indicates he has been forgiven by the Left. There were reports at one time that Debray had betrayed Guevara. . . . **Franz Josef Strauss**, head of the Christian Social Union Party, is being given the **Milton Friedman** treatment by a group of West German clergymen who urge that he be brought to trial "on charges of aiding and abetting a terrorist organization." Strauss's crime: he visited Chile and talked to **Pinochet**. . . . In Russia, the pressure on the dissidents has become so intense that **Andrei Sakharov** now says: "I consider now that if people have the opportunity to leave Russia, they *must* do so."

■ **Len Greenberg**, a *Washington Post* reader, wants to know what will happen if **Larry Flynt** reverts to his former ways in *Hustler* magazine. Will the press then say that he is "porn again"?

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THE WEEK

■ If you can't figure this one out, we think we can. It's a problem posed in a *New York Times* story on integration-by-busing in Los Angeles schools. District Education official Sheldon Erlich is talking. "In general," he says, "we have two minority students [defined as black and Hispanic] for every Anglo student. If you lose one Anglo kid, it means you've reduced the possibility of integrating two minority kids." The answer seems quite simple. First you list the Anglo students in the Los Angeles system as "minority students"—as in fact they now are—and then integrate one of them for every two majority, which is to say black/Hispanic, kids. This, come to think of it, is what Judge Garrity—the Stakhanovite integrationist in Boston—may be forced to do there on down the line. Boston's majority of white students has been cut in half since 1974 when Garrity first started to integrate the city schools. There were 59,000 white students in public schools then, there are 29,000 today. And in a city with a black population of 20 per cent, the student enrollment, fall 1977, was 60 to 40 per cent black to white.

■ Contemplating the proposed Department of Energy budget for 1978—$10.6 billion—Western Crude Oil, Inc., has done a little investigative arithmetic. The money represents a half-million dollars per department employee; $50 for every U.S. citizen; $58 for *each foot* drilled in 1976; $3.59 for each barrel of domestic crude oil produced that year; 10 cents per gallon for gasoline consumed that year. And it exceeds the 1974 profits of the seven biggest oil companies. You remember, *obscene* profits.

■ OSHA, its right tongue bellowing something about ending its harassment of business, has with its left tongue quietly decreed that when its inspectors go through a factory they must be accompanied by a company employee charged with pointing out any health or safety violations the inspectors might themselves miss.

■ All this and peace on earth, too. In an interview recently with columnist James Reston, President Carter outlined his Administration's modest foreign policy goals for 1978: "I think we will have a SALT-II agreement. I think we will have a comprehensive test ban. I think we'll have an agreement on the Indian Ocean. We will have major progress toward peace in the Middle East. I think we have a good chance the Rhodesian and Namibian questions will be resolved. I think the Panama Canal Treaty will be ratified."

■ While the Carter Administration was continuing to pursue a SALT-II agreement last week, former Secretary of the Navy Paul Nitze and former Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird were joining the chorus of military analysts critical of Soviet violations of SALT-I. In a *Reader's Digest* article, Laird said the Soviets are testing radar for use with anti-ballistic missiles, interfering with U.S. satellite surveillance, and concealing new missile development, all violations of SALT-I. Says Laird: "It is terribly clear that the Russians remain determined to gain decisive military superiority over the United States . . ."

■ Darth Vader Dept.: The Soviet Union may be testing a "death ray" weapon to destroy space satellites, according to a report in *Science* magazine. The report, written by a scientist for the Swedish Defense Department, speculates about the new weapons because of evidence of mysterious radio-isotopes in the Swedish atmosphere. The report says that each time the isotopes were found the prevailing winds were from Russia, and that their presence cannot be the result of conventional nuclear explosions.

■ One of the nine highest Buddhists in Vietnam is now, courtesy of a Vietnamese fishing boat, a refugee in London. The venerable Thich Man Giac said that at first his order believed the Communists' promises of national reconciliation and welcomed the Communist takeover. Now he believes differently. In an interview with the London *Times* he said the Communists are guilty of far worse denials of human rights than the Thieu regime or its U.S. supporters. The Communists, he said, are bent on shattering all religious communities. An estimated four hundred Catholic priests are in jail; hundreds of Buddhist monks have been arrested, and their pagodas have been converted into government administration buildings. Vietnam's new rulers also appear to be taking a lesson from their comrades in Cambodia.

Strategy for '78

Republicans run with a tilt to the right
All the way up to election-eve night;
After elections, however, they tilt
Leftward, like liberals loaded with guilt.
In '78, I propose that we all
Ask what they'll do for us *after* the ball.
If they respond with ambiguous stands,
Then I suggest that we sit on our hands.

W. H. VON DREELE

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As part of their efforts to expunge all traces of the Thieu government, anyone affiliated in any way with the old Saigon government or its army is denied all rights. The monk told of an orphan he knew, whose father was in the Saigon army, who is now being virtually starved to death.

■ Although it was love at first sight, U.S. allies in Western Europe were shy about proclaiming their desire for the neutron bomb. Now they are said to be coming around publicly to where their defense ministers have always been. At a two-day meeting of defense ministers in Brussels, it was reported that Britain, West Germany, and Belgium are all moving toward acceptance of the bomb that kills people while leaving buildings, bridges, and roads nearly unscathed. If NATO does accept the neutron, there remains a slight problem that tends to get overlooked: what is NATO going to do with it? NATO has yet to develop a nuclear strategy. The presence of the neutron bomb in NATO arsenals shouldn't present a great deterrent to Soviet strategists. The Soviets do have a nuclear strategy and it calls for a preemptive strike on Western nuclear arsenals.

■ With the confidence that is its trademark, the *New York Times* offered this stunning insight in an analysis of the political situation on the Iberian peninsula: ". . . no one in Portugal is yet talking seriously of a right-wing military coup. And such talk is even rarer in Spain." Perhaps it should have added that if such talk were any *rarer* it might not even be worth writing about.

■ The Soviet foreign affairs weekly *New Times* has looked into the health of Andrei Sakharov, and the diagnosis is: "pathological individualism." The disease is usually accompanied by "morbid ambition" and, if unchecked, leads to "malicious anti-Sovietism." Conventional Soviet treatment calls for extended ice therapy.

■ Meanwhile, the Soviets have manhandled George Meany's attempt to invite Sakharov to warmer climes for the AFL-CIO convention in Los Angeles later this month. First, instead of the invitation, Sakharov received a drawing of a dinosaur (you get the *joke*, Comrade?) clipped from an English-language magazine. The U.S. objected, so a second envelope, with the invitation, was delivered on Sunday, despite there being no normal Sunday mail delivery. But when Sakharov carried the invitation to the visa office he was told only invitations from individuals, not groups like the AFL-CIO, would be recognized. So Meany obliged with a personal invitation. But the visa office had still more tricks: two eight-page questionnaires, six passport photos, a certified translation of the invitation, a written statement from his wife that she did not object to the trip, and a reference from his employer were all required before he would be issued a visa. Of course, the Academy of Sciences refused to provide a reference, leaving Sakharov in Moscow, Meany alone in Los Angeles, and the Soviets with another silver star to pin on the responsible bureaucrat.

■ Andrew Young on *Face the Nation*: ". . . What disturbs me is that the continued Cuban military presence [in Angola] is not bringing the degree of progress and development that's needed. And what we see are a continuation of death and destruction almost everywhere there is a Cuban military presence. It's a kind of new colonialism. And they have tended to back up authoritarian regimes whose main contribution is to wipe out the intellectual elite. That is not a contribution for development. That's contributing to the chaos of Africa, and African leaders are getting very concerned about that and so are we." B minus: shows great improvement.

■ Pointing to the Soviets' inability to match strides with Western technology, the growing restiveness of the Soviet-occupied territories, and the expanding might of Red China, a group of French military experts writing in *Defense*, a military review, claim the Soviets may scrap their "winning without fighting" policy for one of accelerated expansionism to "complete the work begun in 1917." Sometime between 1980 and 1984, the experts say, the Soviets may succumb to the "terrible logic of now or never."

"It's our affirmative action policy to hire 10% Blacks, 6% Negroes, 3% Colored People, and 2% other African-derived minorities."

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Perhaps you can tell me what all this means. I can't make heads or tails of it. Recently I flew out to the Coast to find out what the national issues will be for the next few years. On the first leg of the flight, I read an issue of *Newsweek*, which told me, among other things, that Senator Gary Hart was one of the nation's new conservative spokesmen. Puzzling. There was an hour to kill at O'Hare Airport in Chicago before continuing to San Francisco, so I walked around the terminal. Near the TWA ticket counters, there was a commotion, apparently some sort of a New Leftish demonstration. Kids were waving signs, passing out leaflets, and lecturing passersby. One of them stood out, a strikingly attractive girl holding up a large sign upon which, in big red letters, was printed the word "SEX." Businessmen were bumping into one another to get a better look, and when they stopped, the other demonstrators, or whatever they were, buttonholed them. An intriguing sign. But as you came closer, you saw words in small black letters above the big red "SEX," spelling out this sentence: "Nuclear power is even better than SEX." Aha, you thought. They're *conservative* kids. But not at all. It was the U.S. Labor Party, battling "the forces of no-growth" and the "anti-science mob" in Washington who want to slow down nuclear development.

You *are* Socialists? I asked. Oh yes, they told me, and sold me a copy of their newspaper, *New Solidarity*, and a magazine called *Fusion*, which laid out, in response to "the no-energy program of the Administration," a U.S. Labor Party energy program that would make the chairman of the Board of Standard of Indiana smile. There was a little hedging on natural-gas prices, to be sure. But the program adamantly opposed funds for developing "soft" energy sources, and it was full speed on "exploitation of existing [oil] wells and further exploration." Strange. Back on the plane I looked at their newspaper. The hero of the day, his picture prominently displayed on the front page, was Richard Nixon's old chum, Teamster boss Frank Fitzsimmons. And inside, singled out for praise for his "statesmanlike rallying of the American population" on the energy issue was the man Richard Nixon really wanted for Vice President—John Connally. Odd. Also, in the same issue, there was a reference to activity by "every Fabian ideologue from the Ford Foundation's McGeorge Bundy to the NATIONAL REVIEW . . ." Has anyone ever called us that before? And finally, just to ice the martini, there was an ad running in their magazine for the Conservative Book Club. At that point it was back to *Newsweek*. Obviously they're right. If we're Fabians, Gary Hart is certainly a conservative.

■ In California, it was all much simpler. There, too, nuclear power is one of the central issues. But at least you didn't need a revisionist scorecard to tell the players—or to tell that the future of nuclear energy is very cloudy indeed. On the campuses it has become an emotional issue, one of the few that clearly harks back to the great causes of the Sixties. At a "teach-in" at Berkeley, for instance, there was Barry Commoner, singing of the utopia we can create with "soft" sources and warning of the Armageddon that nuclear power will bring on. And at the same meeting, there was Daniel Ellsberg inveighing against the neutron bomb, adding the emotional and symbolic dimension—as if somehow a nuclear generating power plant is the same thing as a neutron bomb. Once again, this time on the nuclear power issue, it's hawks *v.* doves. And again, although there are more hawks, the doves are highly articulate and dominate the campuses, the front pages, and the television newscasts. But this time, there's a difference: the doves also have the support of the sitting governor. Huey Johnson, Jerry Brown's energy advisor, says flatly, "Nuclear power shouldn't have anything to do with our destiny." And it probably won't. California, not too long ago, was going to be the nation's nuclear power showplace. But now one plant near San Francisco has been closed down, and, of the two remaining in operation, the plant near Sacramento is in trouble. Furthermore, the California Energy Resources Conservation and Development Commission, which must approve any new nuclear plant construction, has been packed with Brown appointees. So, in California, the wave of the future is apparently sunshine and windmills.

■ BRIEFS: U.S. Commissioner of Education Ernest Boyer, driven to the brink by a colleague who used the term "laymanize," had this to say about his bureaucratic fief: "Regulations and guidelines are gnarled and contorted and warped by legalese. Buzz words fly about with abandon. Acronyms proliferate faster than cockroaches." . . . And how about nominating Representative Edward Boland (D., Mass.) for new Office of Management and Budget director? According to *Congressional Quarterly*, Boland spent significantly less than the rest of his colleagues last year in his re-election campaign—$47, and that out of his own pocket.

—CATO

■ Since U.S. coffee importers won't cooperate voluntarily—they cite the cost to U.S. consumers—Representatives Robert Dornan and Donald Pease have introduced a bill to sever all U.S. economic ties with Uganda. Uganda's coffee exports to the U.S. account for most of the foreign currency that keeps Amin's regime afloat. Perhaps even more important, Britain is considering cutting its last lifeline to Amin, the airlift from Stansted to Entebbe, which provides Amin with the meat and whisky that keep his secret police content.

■ Gold. Trumpets. Hordes of dignitaries. Ermine robes. Pomp and circumstance. A two-ton gilded throne, in the shape of a giant eagle. With this simple ceremony, former president for life Jean-Bedel Bokassa became Emperor (for life) Bokassa I of the Central African Empire (*né* Republic). The whole thing cost his worship's taxpayers a mere $25 million, leaving each of them with most of their annual per capita income of $155 to frivol away as they choose. Bokassa has ruled since 1966, the devotion of his subjects marred only by a few coup attempts and such incidents as the time he personally led soldiers into a jail to club thieves (or have them club each other) to death. When his term

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Ian Smith's Blacks

They're the ones who've lived within
Like the fabled Gunga Din.
Some are in the army; some
Earn their pay in flunkeydom.
Many shrink from throwing bombs:
These are labeled Uncle Toms.
Now that Ian says he backs
Power for internal blacks,
Jimmy wants the man to speak
With the ones in Mozambique.

W. H. VON DREELE

expires, Bokassa, a family man, expects to be succeeded by one of his 21 children. Things are under control in the CAE, which is why you don't hear much about it, what with headline-grabbers like Ian Smith obstructing self-determination on the rest of the continent.

■ Lysenko lives. Soviet scientists at the Mironovka Institute, a Lysenkoist bastion sixty miles outside Kiev, claim to have developed a strain of high-yield winter wheat that can double and, under perfect laboratory conditions, quadruple the Soviet Union's national average of 33 acres per bushel. Are you listening Minnesota? A Mironovka scientist recently told a group of Western reporters about the breathtaking agricultural advance, which turns out to be a model of simplicity. Once spring wheat starts sprouting it is subjected to periods of temperature one degree below freezing and then planted in the winter. The spring grain that survives the winter, the latter-day Lysenkoist explained, is permanently changed in nature and hereditary apparatus and is, voilà! a new stable winter wheat in one generation. Western scientists, alas, will have to wait. The Mironovka scientists are not quite ready to take Superseed on the road.

■ The Booker T. Washington Award for 1977 goes to the Rev. Jesse Jackson, director of PUSH (People United to Save Humanity), for his remarks on CBS's *Sixty Minutes*. "If we can run faster and shoot a basket straighter on a bad diet we can learn on the same diet," he told the viewers. "You may not be responsible for being down but you are responsible for getting up."

■ *The American Spectator* (see p. 1506) observed its tenth anniversary with an exuberant bash at New York's St. Regis Hotel, attended by, e.g., Irving Kristol, William Safire, Robert Nisbet, Edward Banfield, Tom Wolfe, Frank Shakespeare, Norman Podhoretz, and several editors of the *Wall Street Journal* and NATIONAL REVIEW. Safire marveled at the assembly and recalled Henry Kissinger's remark, at a gathering of Nobel Prize winners, that he hadn't seen such a collection of brains since he had dined alone in the Hall of Mirrors. In spite of the revelry, distinctions and proprieties were observed: it was shrewdly pointed out, for instance, that "there *is* no Erie Canal—there is only *our* canal in Erie." *Spectator* founder-editor Bob Tyrrell thanked the CIA for sponsoring the event, and the entire neofanatical movement, from Jerry Rubin to William Sloane Coffin, for making the whole thing necessary. Congratulations, three cheers, and long life to *The American Spectator*.

■ What is a pretty face worth? $1,500,000 for Mrs. Lelia Dean, who was awarded that sum in her suit against Revlon claiming that one of its cosmetics had turned her face a "muddy color." Mrs. Dean is eighty-four.

■ Mr. Roger Neil Jr. of Vermont has been awarded one deer by the Vermont Claims Commission, to replace the one wrongly confiscated from him by the Vermont Fish and Game Department last year. But he will have to wait until the Vermont Fish and Game Department manages to confiscate a deer that someone else has shot illegally.

Thoughts on the Middle East

Sometimes, especially in the Middle East, methodical step-by-step programming won't work because one is standing in quicksand. It then becomes necessary to build up momentum for a take-off. This is what Sadat has done. He evidently concluded that the lumbering, clanking multi-lateral machinery of Geneva was moving too slowly to take advantage of the always rapidly shifting Arab political winds and sands. So he leapt into a fast bus, seized the wheel, and took off over the mountains. What we can do is to help balance the bus by leaning cautiously when appropriate, but without distracting the drivers, Sadat and, now, Begin.

This is hard. Every passenger in the bus has a special interest and a special role (see "The Protracted Conflict," p. 1480). The thing is to understand each one's interest and role so as to be able to lean in the right direction at the right time. The U.S., like others, was caught unawares, breathless, and the Carter Administration was criticized (probably rightly) for a slow, mean-spirited response, a wounded *amour-propre*. But it may be just as well. If nothing else, it proved that Sadat's game was not an American ploy.

The U.S. weight in this complex puzzle is indispensable, but must be applied at the proper points; it is smothering, even destructive, when applied ineptly. Like an onion, the problem is many-layered, moving outward

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progressively from the core of the West Bank and Gaza, to Jerusalem and Golan, to Syria-Jordan-Egypt relations, to the oil-rich states of the Gulf, to the "rejectionist" periphery, and finally to the U.S. and USSR. There are useful types of U.S. influence, 1) assurances to Israel to induce forthcoming compromise, and 2) neutralization of Soviet spoiling. We cannot do everything and should not try, for fear of applying disproportionate or misdirected pressure.

The USSR is our proper opposite number. But we require a clear perception of Soviet objectives. If we make a simplistic extension of the "detente" psychology and conclude that the USSR really wants nothing more than peace and stability in the Middle East and that our job is to shuffle the pieces around to find a formula acceptable to the USSR, we (and the world) are in for trouble. If we assume that peace in the Middle East can result from a joint Soviet-American imposition, we are in trouble. No one in the Middle East (except possibly George Habash) wants to reintroduce Soviet influence.

The most helpful thing that could happen in the Middle East would be the neutralization of this baleful imperial pressure. We do not know to what extent the Soviet-American joint statement on Geneva last autumn may have galvanized Sadat. But he has made it clear that his intention is to avoid the re-introduction of Soviet influence by taking the game out of Great Power hands. He has now underlined it by ordering the Soviet cultural offices in Egypt closed. We can, however, hope that the Carter Administration sees more clearly now and that Under Secretary Habib's visit to Moscow will not result in an attempted replay of the joint statement syndrome. Certainly, Secretary Vance's flexible interest in pursuing peace at the Cairo meeting without hinging it to Geneva is encouraging.

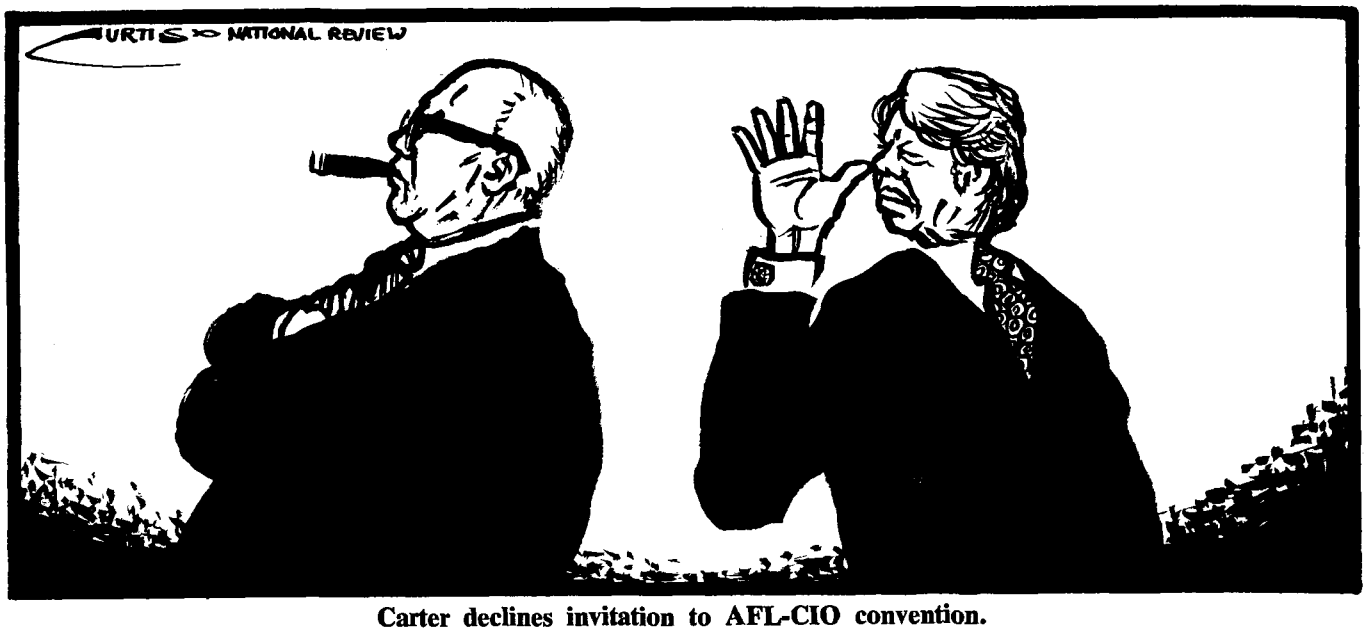
In any event, we are no longer methodically setting the stage for a set-piece negotiation which might well have been too slow and too cumbersome to succeed at this stage. Instead, we are careening rapidly over the mountain pass and it would be foolish to pretend that either we or any one of the other passengers can foretell what curves lie ahead tomorrow. We may reach peace much sooner than expected or we may crash. Meanwhile, as these words were written, it was announced that the King of Jordan will visit Damascus, where he is ideally suited to do a bit of gentle leaning. Hang on.

Memo to: Bill Brock, Nat'l Chairman, GOP

Have you noticed that a recent Gallup poll reveals that 47 per cent of the respondents describe themselves as "right of center"? Did you see the article by Terrence Smith on the front page of the *New York Times*, in the course of which Mr. Smith notes that the rightward trend "seems most striking on social issues"? Or the recent *Newsweek* cover story along these same lines?

Have you ever wondered why, as the nation shifts rightward, the Republican Party remains as anemic as ever? That is the sort of contradiction, one would imagine, that should give rise to . . . thought.

Traditional Republican rhetoric has traded heavily on the anti-government theme. Somehow this has not turned people on. Thus, it is a serious mistake to think that a majority of Middle Americans—very large numbers of whom describe themselves as conservative—are really against "government." Oh, yes, they are rightly suspicious of much that goes on at HEW, HUD, OSHA, and other such places, and they do not like to be told that Father's Day picnics are unconstitutional and that the locker room must be sexually integrated. They do not want to throw carloads of cash at mismanaged and decaying cities.



Carter declines invitation to AFL-CIO convention.

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But they are certainly not anti-government when it comes to Social Security, medical care, support for education, highways, environment, energy. Like it or not, what might candidly be called a kind of middle-class welfarism is very popular. Though in an ideal world this might not be desirable, actual candidates have to run in the U.S.A. in 1978 and 1980.

Now an entire range of issues is subsumable under the rubric "social conservatism," and on that range of issues the liberals can be taken to the cleaners. If you only knew it, the Middle American majority has had it up to the ears with quotas and reverse discrimination, strident sexual liberation movements (the majority is not puritanical but believes in discretion), massive abortion (have you noticed what has been going on in the House of Representatives?), pornography, busing, big land giveaways to the Indians, the embarrassing spectacle of Andy Young, and kissing the feet of pipsqueak dictators.

Do you really think that the Middle American majority, to which any party must appeal, is much impressed by your talk of reaching out to blacks, minorities, and "women"—this last being a liberal-chic code word for inflamed visitors to Houston.

Grow up. Discover America. The Carter Administration has begun to smell like a mackerel dead three weeks. The opportunity is enormous, but it must be seized. A winning political hand in the years ahead would combine: a) a resolute American nationalism ("The foreign policy of the United States will not be made in the General Assembly of the United Nations"); b) a strong religious appeal; c) middle-class emancipation; d) a massive "Manhattan Project"-type push on new sources of energy; e) a pervasive optimism of tone; and f) a strong social conservatism.

That will win. Rotarianism cum liberal chic is going nowhere.

A Fiscal Fix

We have more government than we can afford, and all of the arguments over how to pay the bill must ultimately face the fact that the bill is arriving too late.

The Administration and its critics are both convinced that tax cuts are needed, although there are crucial differences over the purpose and nature of those tax cuts. Neither side, however, can blink away the fact that the budget deficit is already scheduled to rise to $58.5 billion during the third year of an obviously maturing economic expansion. Add $25 billion for tax cuts and about $8 billion for off-budget borrowing, and the Treasury may have to raise more than $90 billion in fiscal 1978. It can't be done—not without either choking off the private borrowing that will be needed to finance growth, or fostering wildly inflationary increases in the money supply.

In the past two years, the Treasury was able to mop up 30 per cent of the funds raised on credit markets without sending interest rates through the roof or provoking a credit crunch. But times have changed.

Inflation has already squeezed business profits by understating replacement costs of equipment and inventories, and thus overstating taxable profits. The maturing expansion is squeezing profits even more. Productivity gains are necessarily slowing down, so that labor costs are chipping away at profit margins. So, business has to finance growing needs for inventories and equipment by borrowing—in competition with the Treasury. That pushes interest rates up, despite the blatantly inflationary growth of the money supply.

Tax cuts that aimed at directly alleviating this profit problem might reduce the need for business borrowing, or at least increase the ability of business to take on more debt. Tax cuts that increased individuals' incentive and ability to save and invest would also provide a non-inflationary source of finance. But that implies reductions in the upper-bracket rates, where more and more taxpayers have been thrown by inflation, and where most individual investment takes place. From 1972 to 1976, income taxes on families the Bureau of Labor Statistics considers upper incomes rose 73 per cent, while taxes on lower-income families increased by 39 per cent. Both tax increases were terrible, but taxes need most to be reduced where they have been most increased. Spending reductions are also essential to minimize the growing strains on credit markets.

If short-term political considerations again outweigh economic necessities, we will instead get an egalitarian tax cut—welfare in disguise—that will do nothing to ease the squeeze on business profits, and will crowd aspiring borrowers out of the credit market, putting even more pressure on the Federal Reserve to "accommodate" the huge competing public and private demands for credit. The inevitable result will be less production and more inflation. And that isn't even good politics.

Windfall Windmills

President Carter's inability to compromise on energy policy is largely due to his obsessive worry that some American oil company might earn an extra dollar. A *Business Week* survey of oil companies showed only a 4 per cent increase in profits, and profits were 5 per cent of sales.

To make that nickel margin look like "war profiteering," Carter felt compelled to give a figure for total oil-company sales and pretend that it was after-tax profits. Now, in his recent televised address, the President said "the question is who should benefit from those rising prices for oil already discovered." That is misleading, since even new oil and gas would be held below the

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world price under the Carter Plan. Still, a choice between windfall profits and windfall taxes is not so clear as it may seem. The Administration's proposal for taxing away the entire difference between the controlled oil price and the world price amounts to a 100 per cent tax on alleged excess profits—something unprecedented even in times of war. While a tariff on oil imports might make some sense, the President's tariff on domestic production is strange indeed, unless one assumes, as some do, a conscious strategy of consuming foreign resources first. But if that is really the Carter strategy it is hardly wise to rely on foreign sources so heavily that the U.S. oil industry is severely impaired.

When the price of a house or farm soars, nobody suggests that the tax collector is entitled to the whole gain. When the salaries of congressmen go up, nobody suggests paying the higher salary only to attract new congressmen, not to retain old incumbents. Why is ownership of oil so much less secure than ownership of land or human skills?

Suppose the government had held the price of domestic newspapers to a nickel over the past decade or so, while foreign newspapers rose to 20 cents. Soon, there would have been a shortage of U.S. newspapers, and costly Canadian newspapers would command the growing share of the market. If price controls were subsequently lifted on U.S. papers, the few surviving publishers would undoubtedly be accused of extracting "windfall profits" by charging the world price. But any spurt in profitability would really be only a partial recovery from the government's previous expropriation. Ending an official rip-off is not the start of a private rip-off, but the beginning of a fair and sensible response to increased scarcity.

The Policeman's Lot

Carefully, now. Three issues have been raised by the Justices dissenting from the Supreme Court ruling that policemen may force persons stopped for routine traffic violations to get out of their cars: 1) that it will not serve its stated purpose: to reduce the number of cops who are shot by drivers they have stopped; 2) that this is a "minor indignity" (the dissenters' own phrase) that will be more likely to be imposed on ethnic minorities and the young and long-haired than upon white Middle Americans in late-model Chevies; 3) that it is the thin edge of a wedge of unreasonable searches and seizures.

1) It is true that some of the policemen who are shot each year are shot before they have even left their patrol cars; the new ruling would obviously do nothing for them. But many are shot after they have approached the driver. Only time will tell whether the casualty level will drop. 2) Unhappily, such indignities probably *are* inflicted at least a bit more often, by cops and others, on the already underprivileged. That is an argument for reminding cops of their civic duties—and bolstering those reminders with disciplinary action—not for repealing the laws they are enforcing, or for making the enforcement unnecessarily dangerous. 3) *Any* search not based on certain knowledge of wrong-doing *could* be construed as unreasonable; at another extreme would be, say, a policeman who went down the block forcing open the trunk of every third car, just in case. Between these points there is a lot of room. If the Court finds that the solution it has now agreed on is being abused, it can always scuttle it—remembering that its current decision reverses twenty, not two hundred, years of judicial practice: it was the Warren Court's decisions, not the Founding Fathers', that contributed so largely to the present imbalance of power between the police and their adversaries.

Into the Laager—Not Yet?

John Vorster's Nationalist Party has emerged from the most recent South African elections with a tally that would have made the old Vermont Republicans envious —70 per cent of the (all-white) vote, up from 55; 134 seats in the 165-seat Assembly, up from 116. What Vorster now intends to do with those majorities is less clear. Optimists, pointing out that the Nationalists crushed the Afrikaner extreme Right as well as the English-speaking liberals, hope that Vorster will invest his clout in some needed improvements—new parliaments for Coloreds and Indians, abolition of petty apartheid. Pessimists foresee only a new rash of bannings, arrests, and their attendant excesses; even as the candidates headed into the home stretch, South African security police were stumbling all over themselves in court trying to explain how Steven Biko, thirty-year-old black leader, had died while under arrest. A third possibility is that Vorster will simply combine the two strategies; however much the Nationalists may plan to concede, they will want to do it in their own way, at their own pace, and the opposition be damned.

They will certainly pay no heed to the chatterings of the American government and press, which indeed were a major factor in swinging white support behind them. The election apparently has taught America nothing—as soon as the Biko ruling came out (the police, in defiance of the evidence, were exonerated), Hodding Carter III expressed "shock" at the "system that permits [such] gross mistreatment"; and lest anyone wonder why, of all repressive systems, the South African was being officially singled out, Anthony Lewis supplied this gloss: "The particular cruelties [are] appalling, but the real horror lies in their racial bias." As if Biko would somehow be less dead if the color of his jailers had happened to match his own. A silly position, but one which our opinion-makers and diplomats seem to be comfortable with,

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as witness their utter silence on the daily outrages in, say, Angola. If this is the kind of moral leadership we are offering for export, it is no wonder the Afrikaners are not buying.

Iran a Quarter-Century Back

Last month several thousands of masked Iranian students armed with stakes demonstrated against the Shah of Iran who arrived to be greeted by President Carter at the Ellipse. As the first gun of the salute sounded, the Iranian students attacked as if by signal. A spokesman for the group later stated, "We are fighting for a democratic government. Whatever form it takes is not this organization's position to say."

It almost destroys one's faith in education, the sword of the Enlightenment, the buckler of positivism, and the shibboleth of liberalism. More specifically it reveals the shallowness of education that is not rooted in a sense of historical perspective. 1953 was the nadir of Iran's modern orbit. Torn by violence, nationally bankrupt, abysmally poor and illiterate, its oil wells shut down and no revenue in sight, the country was, on August 16, within hours of a violent Communist takeover. With luck, the situation had turned completely around by August 19 and the Shah made the most of the nation's second chance. He started negotiating an oil production agreement and followed up with land reform and the rapid expansion of education. As he said, "We must correct our mistakes. This may be our last chance."

Most of the masked children who demonstrated at the Ellipse were not born yet in 1953. They can't be blamed for not knowing what their country was like then but, as students, they might have known that only 17 per cent of Iranians could read in 1953 as compared with over 60 per cent today; that in 1953 over half the farm land belonged to vast absentee landlords whereas today 75 per cent belongs to small and medium farms; that in 1953 there were 8,300 students in five universities as compared with 57,000 in 21 universities today plus 97,000 in other upper level colleges and technical schools and not counting some 55,000 Iranians attending foreign universities.

Much still remains to be done but more has been done since 1953 than had been done since the Mongols devastated the land 750 years ago. In 1953 there were only eight hundred Iranian students in the U.S. and they were able to continue their studies only through the assistance of the U.S. because the government of Iran had no foreign exchange. Today there are well over thirty thousand Iranian students here, all supported entirely from Iran, whether from government or private sources. All are beneficiaries of the wave of order and prosperity that has materialized since 1953 when the Shah set about to take advantage of the second chance given the country.

Americans may be shocked by the demonstration but we are not entirely unfamiliar with the problem. We have seen it here in our own colleges, and not long ago.

The Courage to Take It

To articulate controversial positions often takes intellectual courage. To do so in our time, a period of ideology and revolution, can also require emotional and even physical courage.

For more than two years, Nobel Prize-winning economist Milton Friedman has been subjected to systematic harassment at his frequent public appearances. Friedman's offense? In the spring of 1975, invited by a Chilean bank, he visited that country, conferred with Chilean officials and economists, and gave public lectures in which he expounded his free market and monetarist theories. He has visited both Israel and Yugoslavia in a similar capacity.

Because of his visit to Chile, however, Friedman has been the target of protest demonstrations virtually everywhere he goes. In Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize, he had to be closely guarded by police. In his Nobel Prize address, he noted that "the stench of Nazism is in the air." Subsequent appearances in the U.S., and even social occasions, have been marked by demonstrations, chants, pickets.

That the protestors demonstrate over his visit to Chile, but not over a similar visit to Yugoslavia, is a point worth noting. Explanation: Tito is a dictator of the Left, Pinochet of the Right. Manifestly, the bulk of the protestors are motivated by a desire not for human freedom, but for state socialism. In a recent interview in the *New York Times*, Professor Friedman observed that "There is no doubt that if I know I'm going to face an episode like this, I'll be more reluctant to accept an invitation to give a speech. More important, the people who offer invitations will be more reluctant to offer. You impose a cost, both on the speaker and the host."

That is inevitable and altogether human, and Professor Friedman's hosts have a serious moral obligation to en-

Misreading Macbeth

Writing business for the witches,
Shakespeare *meant* them to be bitches,
Always prophesying trouble
As they make the cauldron bubble.
Jimmy Carter, in discussions
On the Middle East with Russians,
Can't believe they're mean as Hades
Just like Shakespeare's toothless ladies.

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sure civility at his appearances. At the margin, however, unpleasantness cannot always be entirely excluded. As in Berlin 1933, Berkeley 1966, Columbia 1968, the cause of freedom demands that we have the courage to tell the hoodlums, in effect, to go to hell.

Notes & Asides

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Joe Sobran

In re the Jaffa-Mano exchange [Dec. 9]:

"The Gimlet Eye," you have to remember, is a *performance*. To say this isn't to derogate it: Johnson talking (as distinct from Johnson *Rambling*) is performing. Some discount must be made for the genre. It's often satirical as well, and the essence of satire is that it is "unfair," viewing things with reductive objectivity. "There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail," because the "fool," being a performer, invites an objective view of himself as well as of his subject.

The difficulty arises when we doubt that the satire occurs within a social communion. Satiric objectivity estranges unless we're confident of each other's respect and affection. Let's face it: for a Christian to satirize any Jewish practice is brinky.

Keith's self-defense should have pleaded the stylization of the form. When he attempts serious theological justification, he necessarily changes his relation to both subject and audience. Instead of performing he is addressing: moving from the I-it to the I-thou mode, you might say. He assumes obligations of civility and charity that are violated by cracks about sacrificing oxen.

Keith says he is not sniggering but asking. Well, you don't discuss religious differences by caricaturing the bizarre-seeming details into which any religion, under the slow pressure of historical development, radiates. Would a just God damn you for eating a hot dog on Friday? That sort of thing doesn't smack of John Henry Newman. The oxen dig is, again, satire—but at the expense of his interlocutor. We're supposed to be patient and avoid giving scandal. That, as I understand it, is part of the "fulfillment" of the Law. We should suffer fools gladly—and sages too.

But is it necessary to exaggerate the offense? Other people and other ways just naturally look strange to us. To mock them is unkind, but it doesn't call for Wagnerian sound effects. The intellectual powers of Harry Jaffa are more than equal to minor interfaith abrasions, without ominous references to "a world without Jews." We could profitably give Hitler a few days off: casual invocations of him profane light and serious matters alike.

■ "Arthur Schlesinger's political isolation has been increasing for a long time, and seems likely to continue unless and until Ted Kennedy makes a move. But why has this harmless historian—sympathetically described by Garry Wills as 'the quintessential liberal'—so alienated radicals, rightists, and the bulk of his own party? William Buckley can't abide him; Noam Chomsky has called him a 'Stalinist hack' . . ."—John Taft, *The New Republic*, Nov. 26.

The Editor
The New Republic

Dear Sir:

Mr. John Taft, writing about Arthur Schlesinger Jr., says, "William Buckley can't abide him." In fact that is not true: I *have* abided him. Yours truly,

WFB

November 23, 1977

■ The Honorable Kingman Brewster
United States Embassy
London

Dear King:

I extend my hand across the Iron Curtain to greet you, and to commend to your kind attention a bird of paradise. Alistair Horne, the renowned British historian whose latest book, *A Savage War of Peace*, is receiving all those rave reviews, is my oldest friend on earth. We were roommates at Millbrook School, whither he was dispatched by his father to avoid the bombs that were celebrating our diplomacy of the previous generation. Alistair, who is a fellow at St. Antony's, Oxford, lives at 24 Lansdowne Road, London, W.11. He is superbly entertaining, is married to one of my favorite people, the niece of the late Duke of Gloucester, who was co-godfather, along with me, to their firstborn child, Camilla. Alistair is most anxious to meet you, and I promise not to advise your constituency if you do me the kindness of receiving him.

With cordial regards,
Bill

Dear Bill:

The thought of meeting your "oldest friend on earth" is enough to overcome natural fears of guilt by association, once removed. No kindness intended; it will be a pleasure.

Best,
Kingman Brewster
—WFB

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Which Mideast Problem?

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

A MYRIAD BOOKS, articles, editorials, columns, TV interviews, and conversations discuss what they refer to as "the Mideast problem." That colorless phrase may itself be one of the reasons for the sterility of most of the discussion. "The Mideast problem" is a shorthand phrase in which lurk at least three errors that can confuse the unwary: the error of thinking there is only a single major Mideast problem; the error of limiting the geographical focus to the Mideast; the error of assuming, from the use of the word "problem," that there could be a solution.

If we persist with "problem," let us at least make it plural, and recognize that there are many Mideast problems: a dynamic set of vectors, we might say, of different magnitudes and directions, that intersect in the Mideast.

Among the elements (problems, vectors, variables . . .) of the Mideast situation we may distinguish:

1. The hostile relation between Israel and a) its Arab neighbors and b) the Arab states more generally. (This is what most of us think of when "the Mideast problem" is mentioned.)

2. The political conflicts among the Arab nations themselves.

3. The ideological and social conflicts among and within the Arab states: between, as the most obvious example, the radical, currently more or less Soviet-oriented nations (Libya, Iraq, Syria, Algeria, Southern Yemen) and the more conservative, currently more or less Western-oriented nations (Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Sudan, Jordan, Oman, the Arab Emirates, Morocco, Kuwait). However, there are ideological conflicts within conflicts: e.g., in the case of radical Syria and radical Iraq, which are fighting an underground war of assassination and terror with each other.

4. The Palestine liberation organizations, which deserve separate listings as a special problem for everybody.

5. Then there is oil: no one will doubt that it is a primary ingredient of the Mideast stew. The oil vector as well as geography makes non-Arab Iran one of "the Mideast problems," along with most of the rest of the world in one or another measure, in particular Japan, Western Europe, and the United States.

6. The state of public opinion in the U.S. cannot be omitted even from a brief list: American views and feelings about the Mideast are a critical Mideast factor.

7. Finally, there is the dominant global theme of our epoch: the protracted conflict between the Soviet-led Communist empire and the American-led West.

No Problem, No Solution

An analytical breakdown of this sort explains why there is no "*the* Mideast problem" and why, therefore, there can be no solution. Conceivably, one or another of these vectors could be canceled out (one sub-problem solved), but the others would remain, perhaps with increased destructive potential. The elimination of Israel, for example—the prescription of the hardest-line Arabs—would take care of Item 1 in the list, but would aggravate, not solve, the larger Mideast problem complex. Opposition to Israel is the principal check on intra-Arab discords and the chief source of the frail unity of the mythic "Arab nation." With Israel gone, the Arab furies would have free play. Right now, in fact, we witness a sketch of the probable scenario. The mere symbols—projected by Sadat's journey to Jerusalem—of a genuine peace with Israel (equivalent to eliminating Israel as a dynamic hate object) have been enough to set the Arab nations at each other's throats.

For the past four years, the Mideast situation has been described as "stalemated"—or, as we could equally well say, "stabilized." There is something to be said for stalemates—as an old doctor's rule puts it: "If the condition is stabilized, leave it alone." But the Mideast stalemate made the U.S. Government nervous and the U.S. President couldn't resist meddling.

Then Egyptian President Sadat shattered the stalemate, at least for the moment. The multiple variables started whirring, and, as happens when human beings decide to act on their own creative urge instead of conforming to the external givens, all things became possible. This open prospect so appalled the White House that for several days it was struck dumb.

The U.S. is trapped in a harrowing Mideast dilemma that it cannot acknowledge: oil or Israel. It seeks desperately for a path between those painful horns. This is why the President's policy seems, indeed is and must be, so unsteady and shifting. Not merely national interest but national survival demands Mideast oil; public opinion, the nation's most skilled and powerful domestic lobby, and moral commitment demand unqualified support of Israel's right to exist. In the last analysis, if the bare choice must be made, it will have to be oil: for a nation, survival comes before honor. The U.S. aim is to delay that choice as long as possible, with the hope that it will somehow evaporate.

This delaying tactic is given the rhetorical-diplomatic form of a search for a "comprehensive settlement." Since a comprehensive Mideast settlement is impossible, this "search" is an effective device for accomplishing the required indefinite postponement of the impossible Israel/oil choice.

Behind the Screen

Sadat's violation of the rules of the stalemate game not only throws the local Mideast situation into turmoil but lifts the cover off the underlying reality that the White House, like everyone else, prefers to keep decorously hidden. The leaders of Iraq, Syria, Libya, and Algeria fly to Moscow. The U.S. representatives get busy in Morocco, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Sudan as well as Cairo, and look for an opening in Damascus. Washington, forced to make a move, agrees reluctantly to send someone to the Cairo meeting. Moscow refuses and denounces.

The President and his aides and advisors are not stupid. Surely they cannot really believe, as they pretend, that Moscow will ever join loyally in an effort to *solve* "the Mideast problem." □

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LADIES' DAY IN HOUSTON

Abortion, Equal Rights, and Robert's Rules of Order

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

THE FOUR-DAY hen session known as the National Women's Conference cost the taxpayers $5 million. It brought thirty thousand females to Houston, about equally divided between the libbers of Bella Abzug and—for their own unsubsidized meeting—the anti-libbers of Phyllis Schlafly. The official NWC produced few surprises. Practically nobody got really mad at anybody. As an exercise in consciousness-raising, however the affair probably was useful. This was the first such conference since the Women's Rights Convention met in Seneca Falls, N.Y. in 1848. That was 129 years ago, about the proper interval.

On November 17, the day before the Houston clambake began, a local Republican leader fired a resentful round of grape. Jerry Smith, Harris County GOP chairman, denounced the NWC delegates as "a gaggle of outcasts, misfits, and rejects." He wanted them to "get out of town."

The gentleman was dead wrong. The crowd that thronged into the Houston Coliseum had a fair sprinkling of show-offs and oddballs, but the nut quotient was not remarkably high. A few of the women had conspicuously dressed down for the occasion; they turned out in blue jeans and hair curlers. Most, however, were well dressed in slack-suits, tailored dresses, or ultra-suede. The Hawaiians came in muu-muus. A number of delegates, mostly young people, were wearing Mother Hubbards. Ninety per cent of them, according to a learned estimate by females in the press box, had not burned their bras.

The conference staff provided a few statistics. Delegates ranged in age from 16 to eighty. A preliminary analysis indicated that 64.5 per cent of the delegates were Caucasian, 17.4 per cent black, 8.3 per cent Hispanic, 3.4 per cent American Indian, and 2.7 per cent Asian-American. Most of the women—77.8 per cent—were between 26 and 55. A fourth of them had incomes under $7,000; 14 per cent of them had incomes of more than $20,000. The conference was disproportionately low on Protestants (46.5 per cent compared to 65.8 per cent in the nation's female population), but it was high on Jews and about right on Catholics. No data were provided on education, but it seemed evident that the sessions were overset in lady lawyers, teachers, and well-educated housewives.

Diverse as they were, the delegates shared one characteristic: they were keenly interested in the whole business of women's rights. Eighty to 85 per cent of the women at the NWC had come prepared to whoop it up for the official Plan of Action, putting the Equal Rights Amendment first of all. But there were 15 or 20 per cent at the NWC who were equally fervent in opposition. No one was indifferent. The ladies clapped, sang, waved banners, and now and then they booed and hissed. The voice levels were higher than one hears at a national political convention, and the aisles were not as constantly clogged, but the conference otherwise had most of the trappings of a Republican or Democratic conclave. The speeches, for the most part, were awful.

This correspondent, accompanied by the liberated woman he lives with, flew down from Washington on the afternoon of the 18th. The plane was filled with notable dames, among them Sally Quinn of the *Washington Post* and Eileen Shanahan, who used to be with the *New York Times* but now flacks for Joe Califano in Health, Education, and Welfare. The plane had the general air of a charter flight to a college football game. The good cheer was positively contagious. Four years ago, *Washingtonian* magazine compiled a list of the twenty leading male chauvinist pigs of our nation's capital, and ranked this correspondent Number 16. It was the kind of honorific one might have preferred to avoid. Despite this lamentable classification, the feminist delegates greeted Number 16 with civility and charm, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

No such sweetness and light could be perceived at the Houston Hyatt that afternoon. The hotel is one of those vasty atriums that the Hyatt people love to cool and heat; ordinarily, one assumes, the costly emptiness offers only the murmur of contented conventioneers. Not this Friday. The lobby was jammed with four hundred infuriated ladies, all of them possessed of confirmed reservations. The desk clerks, their faces taut with misery, had no rooms with which the reservations might be honored. The ladies sounded like a swarm of bees. A dark-haired young woman from Los Angeles, Yolanda Retter, had climbed atop a

Mr. Kilpatrick, a syndicated columnist and TV commentator, recently published The Foxes' Union, *a book of reminiscences of his years in Scrabble, Virginia.*

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four-foot lectern, from which vantage point she tried vainly to bring order by assigning bakery numbers to the horde. Some of the ladies waited five hours to get their rooms. The chaos reportedly resulted from the decision of a couple of small conventions, already booked into the Hyatt, to stay an extra day. Ms. Quinn reported in the *Post*, on the contrary, that the foul-up was largely owing to bad organization on the part of the conference committee.

Whatever the cause, the confusion surpassed any confusion this correspondent has witnessed in 13 national political conventions, excepting only Chicago in 1968. Eventually the ladies found rooms, but the distraught Hyatt people suffered psychic scars they will carry to their graves.

The main event Friday evening was a reception in the Hyatt ballroom. An estimated one thousand guests paid five dollars a head to mingle with Mesdames Carter, Ford, and Johnson. Obedient to the principle that the working press attends such functions free or not at all, this correspondent kept his five bucks and attended not at all. Ms. Quinn, following the rule that a reporter must go where the news is, even if he/she has to pay to get there, bought a ticket and later passed the word: The affair ended on a sour note, she said, when Kate Millett, the noted lesbian author, grabbed a microphone and began shouting that the hotel had tried deliberately to sabotage the conference.

The first plenary session on Saturday morning found fifty cops and fifty demonstrators marching and countermarching outside the Coliseum, but their maneuvers were pale stuff. A handful of Mexicans were walking in circles. Four or five fundamentalist divines were hollering for the lesbians to repent. A fellow with a bullhorn was exhorting the ladies to return to their homes and their husbands. It may have been sound advice, but none of the ladies took it. They filed into the Coliseum and found seats in the galleries or with state delegations on the floor.

These state delegations, it will be recalled, were elected in 56 state and territorial conventions during the late spring and summer. In each instance, a state organizing committee had been appointed by the National Commission on the Observance of International Women's Year (IWY). The National Commission, to trace the lineage one more step, was created by Jerry Ford's executive order in January of 1975. Congress then gave the body statutory standing by Public Law 94-167. Early in 1977 Jimmy Carter reconstituted the Commission and named Bella Abzug chairwoman in charge.

The National Commission had been carefully stacked and loaded with supporters of the Equal Rights Amendment. The 46 members were virtually of one mind on all other issues of the women's movement as well. It thus followed, as the night the day, that the National Commission would set up state committees of the same cast of mind, and the state committees undertook to set up state conferences that would elect obedient delegations and adopt the IWY's pre-packaged resolutions.

The machinery worked in roughly 41 of the 56 state and territorial meetings. Here nothing untoward occurred. But in 14 or 15 states, dissenting minorities raised a howl, and in a few states—notably Oklahoma, Missouri, Alabama, Mississippi, and Utah—the minorities formed themselves into majorities, elected their own "anti" delegations, and

rebelled absolutely at the National Commission's proposals. Ms. Abzug denounced the objectors as subversives, disrupters, and mere pawns of the Ku Klux Klan and the John Birch Society. The IWY's official press releases also condemned the "extreme right-wing tactics" employed by "right-wing radicals." The Commission expressed its displeasure at the "unrepresentative" nature of some of the duly elected state delegations. Thanks to an interesting provision of the law, the Commission was able to remedy the defects by designating "such additional representatives as may be necessary and appropriate." There never was even a remote possibility that the anti-libbers could have provided significant opposition at Houston; they were doomed to be overwhelmed from the beginning, and this was precisely how the affair turned out.

Ms. Abzug and her cohort, however, were taking no chances. They promulgated rules for the Houston Conference that fairly bristled with provisions to keep dissenters in line. Votes were to be taken by standing vote, not by roll call. Presiding officers were authorized to decide whether appeals from their own rulings had carried by majority vote. The Chair was further authorized to clear the hall of observers if things got out of hand. No bullhorns or other sonic devices were to be admitted. Anyone who violated the rules could be summarily thrown out.

In the actual event, none of these precautions proved necessary. The ladies were on their best behavior. Even in the most emotional moments, involving resolutions in favor of the ERA, permissive abortions, and lesbian rights, tempers were kept under control. Libbers and anti-libbers gossiped over the backs of their chairs. The presiding officers bent over backward to promote an appearance of fairness. And if in the end 25 of the 26 prepared resolutions were approved, it was because the libbers had the votes; this was their convention, even though all kinds of

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taxpayers paid for it, and it is pointless to complain about the nature of a steamroller. Steamrollers are inherently designed to flatten things out. And so it went.

The conference demonstrated, if an heretical thought may be expressed, the unwisdom of ever teaching little girls to read. Little girls grow up to be women who read *Robert's Rules of Order*. They come to a parliamentary floor in Houston crying "Point of Order!" and "Point of Personal Privilege!" and in no time at all they can tie a meeting into knots. The conference sponsors, evidently anticipating such diversions, had thoughtfully provided whole platoons of parliamentarians. These gentlewomen trotted on and off stage like so many defensive guards and linebackers.

The best of the parliamentary lot, by general acclaim, was Ms. Anne Saunier, a personnel executive from Columbus, Ohio. She took over the Sunday afternoon proceedings and ran the show with the whip-cracking efficiency of a ringmaster. A tall, long-legged lady, brown-haired, she took no nonsense from anyone. Three times a delegate arose and uttered the horrid phrase: "Madam Chairman." Each time the Chair snapped back: "I am not a chair*man*." One delegate attempted feebly to argue that "chairman" has no more sexual connotation than "president" or "prime minister," but the acerbic Ms. Saunier had her way. She was Madam Chair. At one point, faced with a string of parliamentary inquiries, she brought cheers from the floor: "Even God couldn't answer your questions," said Ms. Saunier. "She doesn't have the answers either."

The parliamentary obstacles were formidable. At one point in the proceedings, a delegate insisted upon talking in Spanish. An interpreter was provided. Thus inspired, a delegate from Guam insisted upon speaking in Samoan. An interpreter was found for her, too. But most of the problems arose from a color-coded system by which delegates could seek recognition for various purposes. The system required some spectacular sprinting. If you have ever seen what happens when someone sneezes in a brooder house, you will have the general picture.

The IWY conference staff struggled gamely with an invasion of reporters, photographers, and TV teams, but to small avail. The Washington papers sent their male stars —Lyle Denniston and Jack Germond from the *Star*, Dave Broder from the *Post*—but most of the two thousand press people were women. Not nearly enough gallery seats had been assigned for the press, but the staff had arranged a commodious bullpen complete with five television sets, three of which worked. This correspondent bummed an extra alternate's seat off the Alabama delegation, and passed the sessions in the pleasant company of Ms. June Bugg of Gadsden.

There wasn't that much news to report, but the scene on the stage and on the floor had its colorful aspects. At the first session Saturday morning, Mrs. Carter appeared in pale green. Mrs. Ford in turquoise, Mrs. Johnson in rust, and Ms. Abzug in a tasteful brown with hat to match. The platform had been nicely curtained in blue, green, and chocolate; across the back of the stage in four-foot letters, appeared a single word: WOMAN. There was no band.

The conference opened a half-hour late with presentation of the colors by a Girl Scout troop, followed by the Pledge of Allegiance and the National Anthem. There was no invocation as such, but the Chair allowed thirty seconds for private prayer. The mayor of Houston, a young fellow with a striking resemblance to Alan Alda of *M*A*S*H*, extended the usual greetings. At 10:23 Ms. Abzug took to the lectern. The lady speaks as if she were hammering nails, but this morning there was none of the bellowing style with which she is regularly identified. Ms. Abzug introduced Mrs. Carter, who spoke in such soft Georgia accents she could barely be heard above the constant murmuration on the floor. She said that Jimmy cay-ers what happens he-yere. She had some graceful words for her sisters Ford and Johnson, and so it went.

At 11 o'clock, a blare of trumpets heralded the entrance of a female drum and bugle corps. They were done up in Spartan armor, with red whisk brooms on their helmets, and all in all looked very nifty. They were followed by five young female athletes, fetchingly attired in track shorts of blue and white, who were escorting a kerosene torch that had been brought in relays from Seneca Falls. The torchbearers presented their trophy to the ladies on stage. The torch kept sputtering out, but a sufficiency of paper matches kept the flame alive. After the torch ceremony came one of the few tolerable speeches of the whole convention, this one from Liz Carpenter. Ms. Carpenter is a pro at this kind of thing, and her audience was with her all the way.

This correspondent wandered into the Coliseum lobby in search of a hot dog, and found the first visible evidence of a women's victory in the war of the sexes: the ladies had invaded a men's room and had successfully occupied the territory. Males were permitted—giggle, giggle—to use the facility, but—ho, ho—none seemed to have the nerve. The gents were shuttled to an auxiliary facility in the basement.

'We uphold natural heterosexual relations as created by God' . . . 'Righteousness Exalteth Mississippi' . . . 'Abort ERA, Not Babies' . . . 'ERA Is a Turkey'

The official IWY conference resumed Saturday afternoon at the Coliseum, but the livelier action was ten miles away at the Houston Astro-Arena, where the Schlafly troops had scheduled a rally of their own. A fireman said the arena seated ten thousand; a police officer said 8,500. Whatever the figure, the place was packed; two or three thousand additional spectators couldn't get in. These were the pro-family, anti-abortion, anti-ERA, anti-lesbian ladies. Many of them had come halfway across the country to witness to their convictions. They had brought their husbands, their babies, and their Bibles.

The anti-libbers had signs and placards of their own: "We uphold natural heterosexual relations as created by God" . . . "Righteousness Exalteth Mississippi" . . . "Arkansas Says Yes to God, Family, Country" . . . "Abort ERA, Not Babies" . . . "ERA Is a Turkey" . . . "ERA Is Peanuts" . . . "God Is a Family Man." Down front, two utterly silent men hoisted religious banners exhorting

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sinners to repent. The musical program featured a gospel soloist and a gospel quartet. One of the speakers, State Representative Clay Smothers of Dallas, stirred the crowd to a clapping, foot-stomping frenzy. "It seems like we are in the inside of a black Baptist church," he said.

At least nine speakers assaulted the pro-family rally. Mrs. Schlafly, a comely blonde in a peachy-apricot frock, did her usual competent job on the Equal Rights Amendment, but the hit of the program was a five-foot surgeon from Boston, Dr. Mildred Jefferson. She is president of Right to Life, one of several anti-abortion groups represented, and she is a master of the forensic art. Brought up in east Texas, she still has faint traces of the South in her speech. She was not much taller than the lectern, but she was the biggest thing in the whole arena.

"We cannot accept the idea that women who think they have been oppressed should become the oppressors at the first opportunity," she said. "By demanding the freedom of abortion, they become tyrants choosing a victim more helpless than themselves; they become terrorists who threaten a society by destroying its most precious resource, its future generations."

The head-to-head competition of the two rallies Saturday afternoon raised the obvious question: Which of the two assemblies was the more representative of American women? This correspondent is in doubt. Probably neither one was wholly representative. The IWY gathering was carefully compounded to include some recognition of minority groups; by accident, rather than by design, the IWY affair also included a number of conservative women who provided some diversity in points of view. By contrast, the anti-lib rally at the arena was substantially white and monolithic; here the forces were almost entirely composed of church-going, homemaking wives and mothers. You had extremism at both rallies, and you had extremism in the charges they hurled at one another. The IWY affair was not dominated by "misfits and perverts," as Brother Smothers declared; and the arena rally was not dominated by Birchers and Klansmen.

Saturday night saw the IWY delegates back in the trenches at the Coliseum. They are gluttons for punishment, this crowd. They got down to work on their Plan of Action, passing one resolution after another. By the time they wound up Monday afternoon, no fewer than 25 recommendations had been passed, and one of them, a substitute resolution on minority rights, must have run to two thousand words. Not twenty people on the floor or in the galleries had any clear idea of what this catch-all resolution contained—the sponsors could not be heard above the din, and no texts were available—but the ladies jubilantly approved it by a margin of about six to one.

The regularly scheduled program events were completely one-sided; not a single opposition speaker was scheduled anywhere. The floor debates were almost as completely dominated by the libbers. Most of the resolutions were railroaded to approval by the parliamentary device of shutting off debate before debate could occur. Now and then the nonconforming faction offered an amendment, in the spirit of never-say-die, but they got nowhere. One such amendment, to the resolution on education, would have said something in favor of teaching moral values and the work ethic; it was shouted down. Another amendment, on the resolution asking for more women in public office, would have asked politely only for more *qualified* women in public office; this too was shouted down. The only prepackaged resolution to be defeated would have urged Congress to create a Women's Department of Cabinet rank. By the time this resolution was reached Monday morning, tempers were fraying and the confusion on the floor could not be gaveled down.

Three of the official resolutions aroused significant interest. One called for three more states to ratify the ERA; a second dealt affirmatively with abortion; the third opposed discrimination against lesbian women. Adoption of the ERA resolution set off a floor demonstration that compared with the nomination of a presidential candidate. It looked like New Year's Eve. On the abortion issue, the Abzug forces insisted that opposition speakers be heard, but their pleas had no visible effect on the vote. When the delegates got to the lesbian resolution, which had been recommended by thirty of the state conferences, some serious division was evident. Some leaders of the ERA movement are apprehensive that a public linkage between lesbianism and the ERA will repel state legislators in the remaining 15 states.

On the lesbian issue: The homosexual women were in evidence, but they seldom were conspicuously in evidence. Sunday afternoon they posted a cardboard sign in the outer lobby of the Coliseum: "DYKE VIGIL! All Lesbians and supporters join the Dyke Vigil to wait for the results of the Sexual Preference resolution. Gather outside the Coliseum when the debate on Reproductive Rights begins

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this evening." While their resolution was being debated, they huddled together in their own section of the gallery, but except for a little public necking, they created none of the distasteful incidents reported from several of last summer's state conferences. At Houston, this was no big thing.

The main purpose of the entire conference was to promote ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment. Proponents, led by Ms. Abzug, insist that the amendment has been the victim of gross distortions and misconceptions, but in some of their printed material the proponents walk to the very edge of misconception themselves. The amendment says in its first section that "equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex." In its second section, the ERA says, "The Congress shall have the power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article."

If the ERA does not mean that a state cannot discriminate 'on account of sex' in any of its laws or public buildings, the amendment doesn't mean much of anything

The phrase, "on account of sex," tracks the Fifteenth Amendment's "on account of race." On a *Meet the Press* program Sunday morning, Liz Carpenter equated racial discrimination and sexual discrimination, and summed up the ERA by asserting that it would accomplish for women what the Reconstruction Amendments had accomplished for blacks. A number of constitutional scholars make the same point. Precisely as racial segregation is now unconstitutional, so sexual segregation would be unconstitutional under the ERA. In theory, at least, a publicly owned building no more could post signs reading "men" and "women" than it could post signs reading "white" and "colored." Just as a black soldier cannot be excluded from a barracks because of his race, a woman soldier could not be excluded from a barracks—or treated differently in any way—because of her sex.

Proponents of the ERA scoff at this equation as "the toidy seat argument." They contend that a constitutional right of privacy would preserve separate facilities in the name of modesty. In the 13 states that have prohibited sexual discrimination by state constitutional amendment, no problems, reportedly, have arisen. In their published material at Houston, proponents say flatly that the ERA "will not require the states to permit homosexual marriage," and that the ERA will not "require co-ed bathrooms." The denials have a hollow ring. If the ERA is ratified, custom, courtesy, and common sense doubtless would preserve certain social amenities, but constitutionally speaking, if the amendment does not mean that a state cannot discriminate "on account of sex" in any of its laws or public buildings, the amendment doesn't mean much of anything.

The same disingenuous attitude may be perceived in the proponents' position on Section 2 of the amendment. During the *Meet the Press* colloquy, Eleanor Smeal, head of the National Organization for Women, insisted with a wonderfully childlike sincerity that "the Congress shall have power" does not really mean that Congress shall have power. The official IWY manual makes the same marvelous assertion: "The ERA will not give the U.S. Congress . . . any powers that they do not now have."

But unless the English language has lost its meaning, Section 2 is in fact a delegation of immense new power to Congress. Precisely as Congress invoked the Fifteenth Amendment in 1965, in order to impose the Voting Rights Act as "appropriate legislation" for halting racial discrimination in voting, so Congress under the ERA could impose national laws having to do with divorce, child custody, working conditions, and so on, intended to halt sexual discrimination in these areas. To be sure, many years might pass before Congress exercised its newly granted powers. By its own terms, in Section 3, the ERA would not become operative for two years after ratification. But the power would exist; and experience teaches that once power is granted, in time the power will be invoked.

The pending ERA went out to the states in March of 1972. In a headlong rush, 19 states ratified almost at once. By the end of 1973, the count had risen to thirty states. Not much has happened since then. Maine, Montana, and Ohio ratified in 1974. North Dakota ratified in 1975. Indiana ratified in 1977. The tally is stuck at 35 states, and meanwhile Idaho, Nebraska, and Tennessee have rescinded the actions they took in 1972.

Law Professor Charles L. Black of Yale believes the rescissions are valid; his colleague, Professor Thomas Emerson, believes they are not valid. The Supreme Court has indicated, without saying so positively, that such matters are for Congress to decide. If any additional states should attempt to rescind in 1978, the uncertainties plainly would be compounded. If Congress should extend the ratification period for another seven years, as a pending House bill proposes, the complexities would be greater still. The proponents, chanting "three . . . more . . . states" at Houston, must look to Missouri, North Carolina, Virginia, Oklahoma, Florida, and possibly South Carolina to reach the goal of 38 states required for ratification.

From its inception nearly three years ago, the IWY program has been seen chiefly as a vehicle for promoting the Equal Rights Amendment. The program has had other purposes also, of course, and a number of these are agreeable even to the militant forces of Mrs. Schlafly. By directing attention to continuing discrimination in employment, in the administration of estates, in housing, and in credit, the feminist leaders performed a useful service at Houston.

Under the IWY act, a report must go to the White House before the end of March. By mid-July, Mr. Carter must offer his own recommendations to Congress for legislative action in the area of women's equality. Because federal spending now touches almost every human activity under moon or sun, Congress could have its hands full: Social Security, the armed forces, arts and humanities, college athletics, banking and finance, aid to education, child care—all these offer opportunities for congressional action. They offer opportunities for renewed controversy also. ERA or no ERA, the fight over women's rights at law will be around for a few generations yet to come. □

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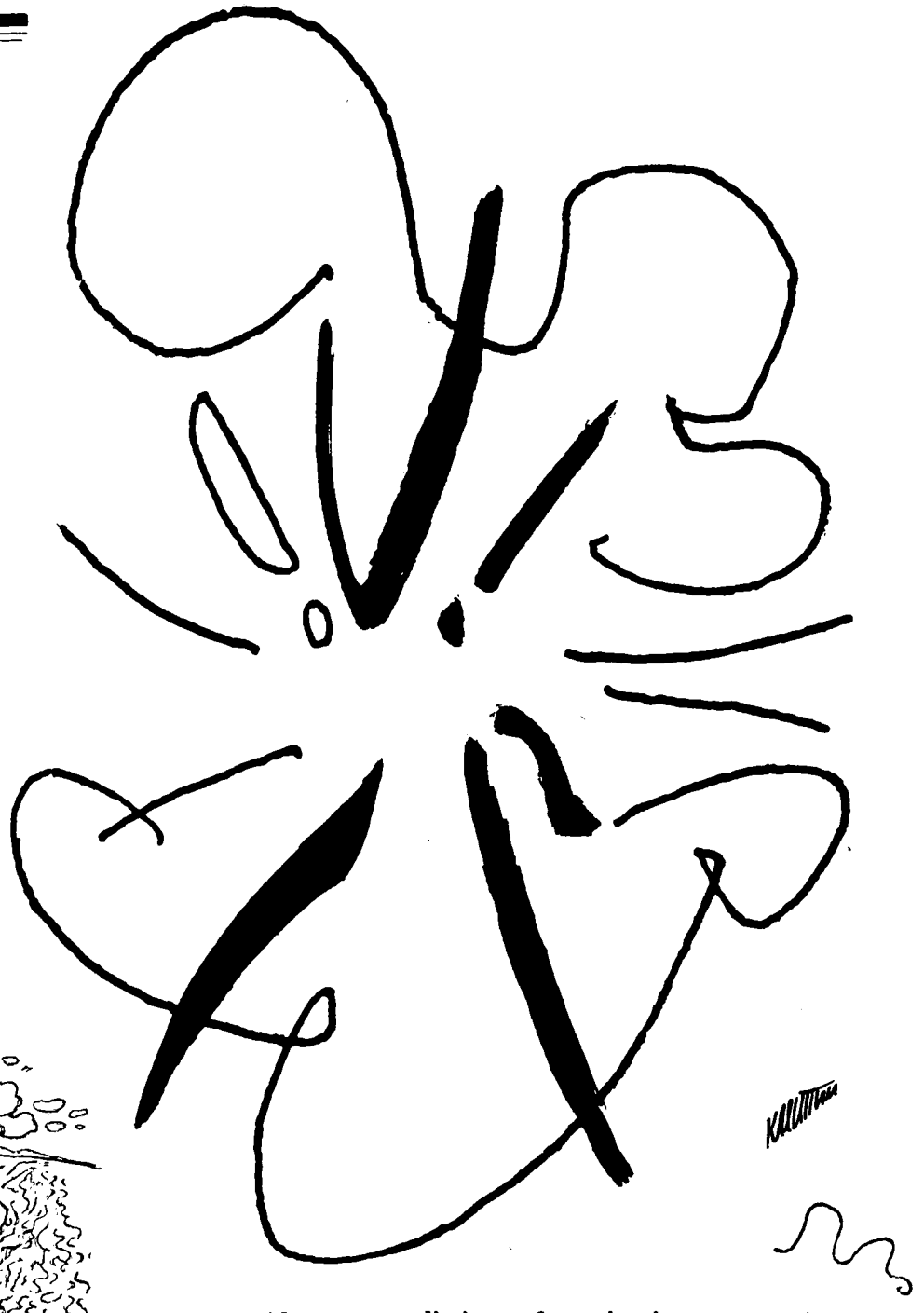
helo !!!!

THE BANG AND THE WHIMPER

"Save the blue whale . . . save the blue whale . . . save the blue whale . . ."



Alternate predictions of termination of things as we know them, by spokesmen for two disparate groups who disagree on every substantive matter except one: that teetering epochs are finite.

From Authorized Pre-"Edited" version of *The Boggle*, by John Kreuttner.

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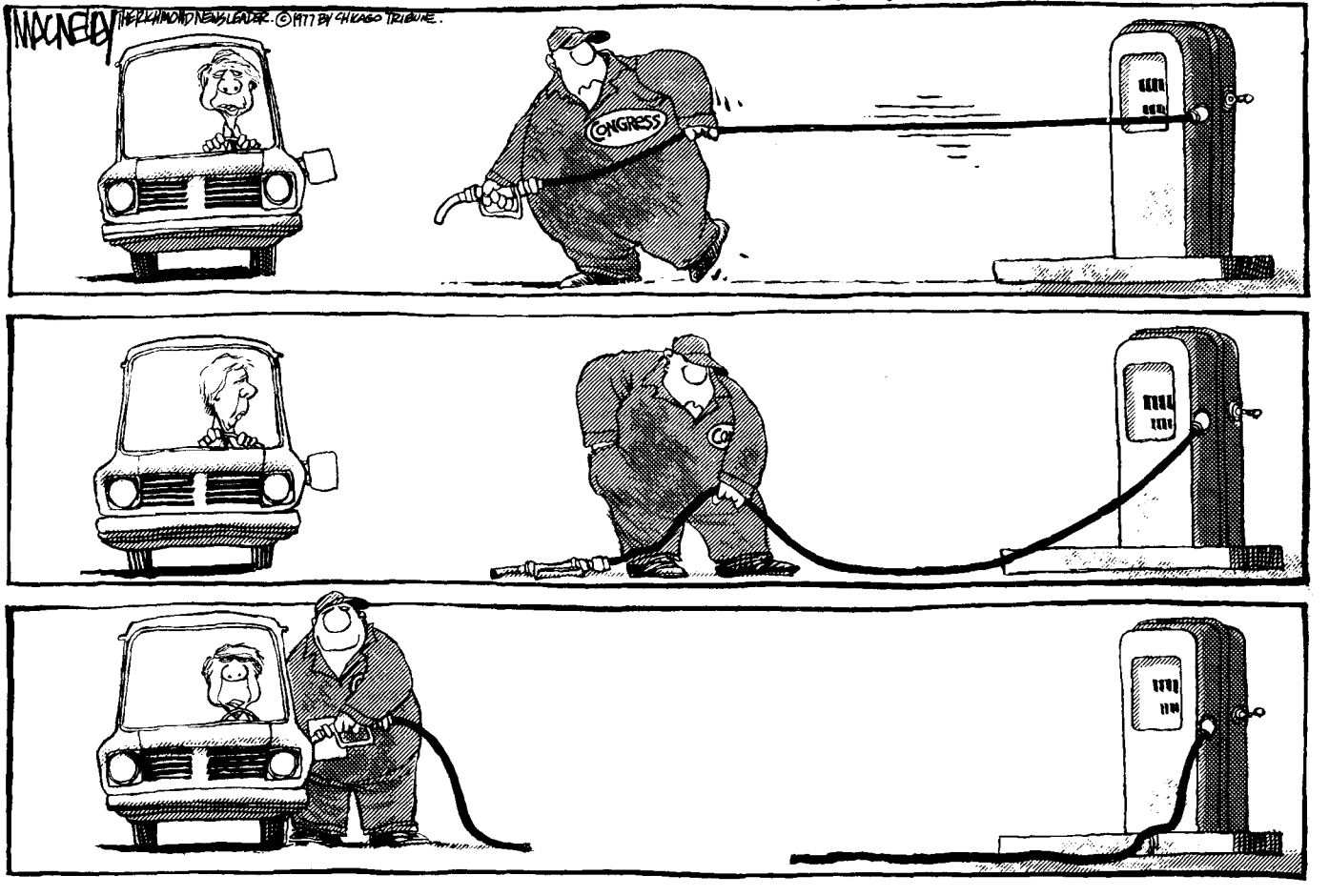
Remembrance of Times Past

I couldn't put my finger on it
For the longest time,
But Jimmy Carter's manner made me
Think of pantomime.
At first the hairdo got me; then those
Dentals, row on row,
Till, Proust-like, I was sitting in
A Thirties newsreel show.
The shock of recognition nearly
Knocked me to the floor,
For there upon the silver screen
Was Franklin's Eleanor.

W. H. von Dreele

ALL I KNOW IS, HE MUTTERED SOMETHING ABOUT IT BEING HIS CANAL, AND HE GRABBED A BIG STICK AND HEADED SOUTH....
ACTUALLY, BURSTING BUBBLES IS WHAT I DO BEST!



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VICTORY CELEBRATION

Tokyo Rose in New York

PAUL GIGOT

I WALK TO THE concrete steps of Washington Irving High School and I know I'm out of place in a tie and a collared shirt. The prevailing motif is 1960s shag: denims, T-shirts, floor-length baggy dresses, and lots of hair.

"Those with tickets line up on the right," says a stern-faced organizer.

"How do I get in if I have no ticket?" I ask him.

"You stand in line and buy one, that's how," he says. I plead bourgeois ignorance, he shrugs, and, properly chastised, I slink into the *other* line.

Two and a half bucks to get in. Apparently even Communists have expenses. The lobby is a socialist flea-market. You can buy Paul Robeson records, children's books about Emiliano Zapata, even Vietnamese Christmas cards (I'm arrested by the oxymoron). There is literature by the truckload: *Workers World*, New York Workers' *News and Perspective*, the *Guardian*, et al. Not even Marx would believe the leaflets: "The Suppression of the Left in China"; "Eurocommunism: Transition to Anti-Communism"; "Ethiopia: Land of the Tillers"; and—street-talk self-parody—"Free Assata Shakur: Break De Chains."

But on to the main event. I, and the six hundred others in the ancient auditorium, have come to hear Wilfred Burchett. You remember Mr. Burchett, the Australian who wrote in 1949 that Cardinal Mindszenty of Hungary was a "miserable, intriguing, ambitious little man." The Burchett who interrogated GIs in North Korean prison camps in 1952, exacting "confessions" about U.S. germ warfare. The Burchett, a self-proclaimed "confidant" of Ho Chi Minh and Chou En-lai, who as a foreign correspondent for the Maoist weekly *Guardian* became the Tokyo Rose of the Vietnam War and now reports from Angola and Mozambique.

I wait: thirty minutes late, then fifty; no Burchett and no bourgeois promptness here. I watch the audience instead. It is mostly white, half men and half women. It's a reunion: "Hi, Joe. Haven't seen you since the last meeting." There are veteran travelers from the Wobblie days, young ones from the Vietnam protests.

At last there is movement on stage. Frances Beal, the *Guardian* general manager, says, "This is a celebration for ourselves and for the movement of anti-imperialism from Vietnam to Angola." Cheers, huzzahs, all that's missing is the confetti—and the sense of humor. This is no laughing matter. This is a battle "against the common enemy of all mankind, United States imperialism." Whoopee. She speaks the truth, too: "Wilfred's typewriter was often the equivalent of a company of machine-guns." Just ask the Vietnam vets.

The appetizer is Dave Dellinger, member of the "Wilfred Burchett Support Committee," the group (William Kunstler, Noam Chomsky, Cora Weiss, Ossie Davis, et al.) that is helping the *Guardian* promote Burchett's U.S. tour. With his greying, pointed beard, Dellinger looks like Skitch Henderson in a Robert Hall sport coat. He salutes with a fist. "Through Wilfred Burchett I met an underground contingent of NLF [Vietcong] guerrillas," he reminisces.

NEXT IS A BIGGIE: Dinh Ba Thi, Vietnamese ambassador to the United Nations. The crowd goes crazy; there's a three-minute standing ovation. Mr. Thi and his interpreter say a lot about imperialism (U.S. of course) and the "new socialism" in South Vietnam. But then comes THE PITCH: "We have received assistance from many countries . . . It is regrettable that . . . the United States does not undertake its obligations." Translation: They need U.S. money. It's my happiest moment of the night: those damn Yankees, the imperialists they can't live without.

Now it's Burchett himself on stage. Burchett wears glasses, has Ivory Snow hair and jowled cheeks; at 66, he's grandpa. He talks for about an hour, mostly about the "new" Vietnam, how wonderful life is there. He mentions the bliss in North Korea, Cambodia, and Angola, too. And he says "imperialism" (U.S. of course) about eight thousand times; he fondles the word.

Burchett is no naïf, no mere fellow-traveler. He makes Alger Hiss seem like a patriot. According to testimony in a 1974 Australian libel trial, Burchett told a POW in Korea: "I could have you shot." Burchett had sued a magazine for publishing charges that he was a KGB agent. He lost.

Burchett wasn't even allowed to travel in the U.S. until this year. In two previous visits, in 1969 and 1971, he was confined to New York and tailed by the FBI. But that was before we lost our "inordinate fear of Communism" under President Carter. The provisions that blocked entrance to many unfriendly aliens have been removed, and Burchett has taken advantage. He'll speak to groups in over thirty cities and college campuses, including Harvard's Nieman Fellowship Society for journalists and ABC's *Like It Is* show.

"I want to emphasize the totality of the U.S. military defeat," says Burchett. "The Vietcong were liberators." The crowd leaps up to shout and applaud. It's like a Politburo speech. Everyone tries to outdo everyone else, partly to demonstrate ideological zeal, partly to churn the blood after a long speech.

Now it's question-and-answer time. An older woman rises. She's been reading the *New York Times*: "What is the truth about the reports of a million killed in Cambodia?" Boo, hiss. Says Burchett, "I don't believe this at all." A *Guardian* comrade elaborates: "We have no business giving credence to those reports. . . . They are peddled by the same people who have peddled atrocity stories about every peoples' revolution that has ever occurred."

A *real* brother gets his turn. "During the Vietnam War a few of us tried to prove that the domino theory was a faulty theory, secretly hoping that it would work." He brings down the house. It's time to leave. No POW will be asking Burchett questions. □

Mr. Gigot, a recent graduate from Dartmouth, is on the staff of NR.

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A Tribute to Hubert Horatio Humphrey From the Opposition

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

WHAT IS HAPPENING to Hubert Humphrey is unparalleled in my memory. The apocalyptic word was used by the doctors after his latest operation—he suffered from a "terminal" illness. In what seemed no time at all, he reappeared on the public scene. Scooped up from the clinic by Air Force One, he was to find the entire nation celebrating him like Lindbergh come home. A huge new federal building was named after him. The House of Representatives invited him over from the Senate to give a speech—unprecedented in congressional annals—and he came, occupying the podium used by Presidents of the United States when addressing joint sessions of Congress. He was visibly withered by his experience at the clinics, but otherwise he was unchanged. The same horizon-to-horizon smile, the twinkle in the eyes, the unabashed reference to his longtime ambition to occupy the podium *ex officio*. He was cheered as lustily as anyone in memory, cheered by everyone, on both sides of the aisle, notwithstanding that he has political enemies on both sides—a few on the Democratic side, everyone on the Republican side. It did not matter. There was the familiarity of the figure. His renowned good nature. The tear-drawing physical heroism. The indomitable cheerfulness.

Moreover, the tribute was for a man as partisan as ever sat in the Senate. But it didn't—doesn't matter. It is worth asking why. To do so requires examining the ideological and intellectual opposition to Senator Humphrey, his works and his ways, if we are to plumb the deepest of the mysteries: How is it that *we* feel this way about him?

We write, all of us, on the assumption that Hubert Humphrey is going down. It is, of course, possible; indeed, in the larger context, probable. All of us who visit the doctor after a certain age do so to frustrate, but only temporarily, a degenerative ineluctability. It is so even for Hubert Horatio Humphrey. The only political promise he neglected to make to his constituencies—and he speaks nowadays to the grandchildren of those he addressed back when he was running for mayor of Minneapolis—was that a vote for the Democratic Party would bring eternal youth.

But having said that, a proper skepticism is in order respecting Hubert Humphrey. He may frustrate the laws of probability, yet again; and surely there is nobody in the world better practiced than he at defying the laws of logic—that being, of course, his profession; and, I assume, not an inconsiderable reason for his appeal. To exercise the politics of joy, it is required to release one's constituency from the depressing restraints of reality and reason.

Dear Lord, you must understand when, many years hence we all devoutly hope, your servant Hubert appears before you that he is *different* from most of your creatures. Deal kindly with him, on the Day of Judgment, and above all, do not instruct the registrar to read back to you any of Hubert's political speeches. We are dimly aware, down here, of the divine tension between the demands of mercy and justice. But so help me, God, if you listen to one of his speeches, the demands of justice are going to get the better of you. And although I am a Tory, born and bred, with absolutely no ambitions to transcend that estate, I do not wish, for Hubert Humphrey, exemplary justice. I will try to explain.

THE LAST COAST-TO-COAST speech by Senator Humphrey was delivered at Madison Square Garden, on July 13, 1976, to the Democratic National Convention gathered together to nominate Jimmy Carter as candidate for President of the United States. The night before had been opening night, with several speeches, the first by keynoter John Glenn. Concerning that speech, the less said the better. One might call it (indeed, on the occasion, one did) "Senator Glenn without Houston Control." Democratic choreographers, clearly worried about the prospective ratings after reading the text of Senator Glenn's speech, scheduled their oratorical Big Bertha, Barbara Jordan. She was airborne by her native eloquence, which is lucky—because for all that the lady stirred the Convention, in fact she had nothing to say, never mind that, when she was done, everyone cooed that here had been a "great oration" (almost everyone's evaluation, including Barry Goldwater's).

I would be surprised if anybody, an hour later, could have written a fifty-word precis of what Mrs. Jordan said with such rapture. But she used with abandon one of the Senator's favorite rhetorical devices, namely paralepsis, with which Hubert Humphrey, the sometime graduate student in

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political science, is no doubt formally familiar. *"I could easily spend this time praising the accomplishments of this party and attacking the record of the Republicans. I do not choose to do that,"* said Mrs. Jordan, proceeding to do exactly, and lengthily, that. The television cameras focused on Senator Humphrey, seated in his box, beaming. His beam was required over a very long evening, but it did not begin to tax his reserves—Hubert Humphrey could have beamed, start to finish, through the Hundred Years' War.

GEORGE WALLACE had a speech to make, in which he denounced the "monstrous bureaucracy" in Washington that had recently forbidden a father-son dinner at one of HEW's pads, on the grounds that such exclusivity violated the rights of women. Hubert Humphrey was pensive during that one—his jaw resting in his right palm, the striated fingers of wisdom partially covering mouth and cheek. On and on. Jerry Wurf spoke about the need to enfranchise civil servants, and Humphrey nodded his head in solemn assent. Edmund Muskie spoke about the need to "say yes to fair labor standards" as if everywhere in America man was in chains. Barbara Jordan's central point—not entirely unfamiliar to students of political oratory—was that the great American people are possessed of great common sense. This they demonstrated that evening. The Nielsen raters the following day disclosed matter-of-factly that the great Democratic spectacle, covered by all three networks, reached fewer Americans in the New York area than the film *Casablanca*, shown for the tenth time on an independent channel, and filmed in 1942, about the time that Hubert Humphrey, who would be featured on the following night, was deciding to give up academic studies in order to enter politics.

Tuesday evening, as I say, was Hubert Humphrey's. It was generally assumed by the crowd that he would do his very best, which, under the aspect of the heavens, is of course his very worst. From time to time acrid political commentators are inclined to say, after a bad experience, that *this*, "*surely*," ranked as the "worst speech" in "political history." No one, of course, can pretend to the requisite experience to say such a thing with authority. About Hubert Humphrey's speech on July 13 one could only say that it was so triumphantly awful that he reached the darker partisan heart of his audience, which gave him a standing ovation.

"Do you know how I became mayor of Minneapolis?"—Hubert Humphrey twinkled the technique a generation ago to a former fellow graduate student at a cocktail party. "He spoke *delightedly* on the subject," my professor-friend recalls, without any trace of irritation, let alone condescension. He quoted Humphrey. "Well, I spoke *every* Saturday, and *every* Sunday, at the parks in Minneapolis—there are lots of parks in Minneapolis, you know. And, after the crowd would gather, I would pick up the microphone, and I'd begin to talk. Then—suddenly—I'd stop. And I'd say: '*Wait a minute. Wait a minute, I want to see the kids here up front. They're the future of the nation, folks, let's face it,* your *kids*. Now come on up here. Don't be shy! That's it . . . right up front, sit down and make yourselves comfortable. Right. Now, as I was saying . . . But I have to say *something else* first. You know, I've been around. I know the great state of Minnesota the way few folks know the state of Minnesota. But I know other states of the Union too, and let me tell you something, ladies and gentlemen: these kids here have got to be the *most* beautiful, the most *wonderful*-looking, the *healthiest* kids I have ever seen . . . *anywhere*!'

"The parents," Humphrey exclaimed to his friend, "would look up at me . . . *adoringly*! Then you know what?"—he put his arm over the professor's back, "*Later* in the *same* afternoon, speaking to *another* audience, at *another* park, at *another* end of the city, I would say . . . *exactly the same thing*!" The miracle of the multiplication of the loaves!

I doubt that anyone in the days ahead will devote much attention to a textual analysis of Hubert Humphrey's speeches. It would be an unfriendly thing to do, and infinitely unprofitable. And, of course, it would miss the point about Humphrey, the point being that he is a great human figure (like Eleanor Roosevelt), never mind that if any civil constitution should ever be written as a congeries of deductions from Humphrey's Laws, the citizenry would all be smiling at each other in a federal zoo that disdained to distinguish between a mole and a giraffe.

The San Francisco fire would not have interrupted a tribute by Humphrey to California fire laws. He is out of this world

At Madison Square Garden—as I say, his most recent coast-to-coast political oration—he began with that brazen defiance of reason that levitates an audience by vacuuming off all sense of reality. What Senator Humphrey said, at the Democratic Convention after the one that nominated for President a Democrat who proceeded to lose every state in the Union save Massachusetts—what he said, referring to the forthcoming election, was: *"And once again,* [after Carter's victory] *the American people will have a friend in the White House, and majority government will have been restored."* The sweep of such presumptuousness is its indispensable yeast. It is like the meeting of a Communist International at which the keynote speaker begins by saying, "As everyone knows, the United States is the last surviving imperialist power on earth." It has always been indispensable to Humphrey-the-orator that distinctions, qualifiers, taxonomic niceties, must *never* stand in the way of the Main Purpose. Hubert Humphrey has *never* been publicly distracted by mere events. The San Francisco fire would not have interrupted a tribute by Humphrey to California fire laws. He is out of this world.

But insufficiently so, as we see, with ineffable grief, the workings of the mortal coils, transfiguring his physical image.

No, nothing publicly disturbed Hubert Humphrey's famous equilibrium, in sickness or in health. Even his

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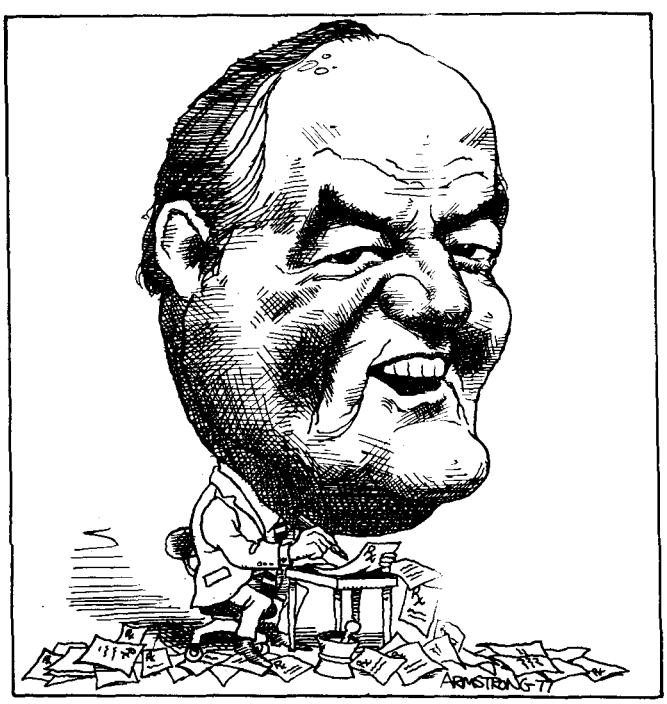
famous walk-out in the 1948 Convention seems rhythmic, in retrospect. And then twenty years later, late on the Saturday night before the tumultuous Convention in Chicago that finally nominated him for President, Humphrey appeared on the *Irv Kupcinet Show*. The show had been taped. In the course of elaborating to Kupcinet the great triumphs of President Johnson's foreign policy in Europe—never mind for a moment the problem of Vietnam—Vice President Humphrey said happily that, just for example, the East European nations were by now "relatively autonomous." Unhappily, between the time Humphrey spoke those words and the time, one week later, that they were broadcast, the Soviet Union sent tanks into Prague to dispose, for good and all, of any autonomous blooms of the Czechoslovakian spring.

When Mr. Humphrey became Vice President, he had campaigned on the Atlantic City Democratic platform. "We pledge unflagging devotion to our commitments to freedom from Berlin to South Vietnam." A few days after the Kupcinet show, in the debris of Chicago, Hubert Humphrey managed, with consummate skill, to address successfully the Convention, one-half of which had wanted to nominate Eugene McCarthy, on the Vietnam War. The shadow on his right was President Lyndon Johnson, whose inflexibility on the subject of Vietnam had been validated by a parliamentary majority of the Convention after bitter debate. Without Johnson's support, Candidate Humphrey would never make it to the White House. The shadow on his left was Eugene McCarthy. Without propitiating him and his followers, Humphrey would never make it to the White House.

The performance was superb. Candidate Humphrey got his biggest cheers by insisting he would devote himself to ending the war in Vietnam. What he actually said about his devotion to peace in Vietnam wasn't anything different from what Candidate Nixon—or, for that matter, Superhawk Barry Goldwater—would have said. But Humphrey said it with inflections so wonderfully, so endearingly acquiescent to the shadow on his left, that he succeeded in appearing to draw over his stout shoulders the lonely cloak of righteousness, thus giving the impression that he spoke for the desolate minority, against the obdurate majority. When, listening to his oration, one began to ask oneself, Might he be annoying, irritating, that unforgiving shadow on his right?—somehow he would manage a compensating inflection, something on the order of "winning is not worth a compact with extremism," being careful not to identify extremism (let Gene McCarthy think he was talking about Mayor Daley, and let LBJ think he was talking about Gene McCarthy).



But Hubert Humphrey, privately, is no more immune to the irritations of the season than his body is to the impartial appetites of the runaway, roustabout human cell. It was about a year later that ex-President Lyndon Johnson, in one of those exclusive interviews with CBS, said to Walter Cronkite that in Johnson's opinion Humphrey had lost the Presidency by "backing down" on Vietnam in his speech in October at Salt Lake City. A colleague of Humphrey's, who had been with him that evening listening together to LBJ, later quoted Hubert's private reaction. It was colorful, definitely not for Kupcinet's show, most definitely not right for a speech to a Democratic National Convention. Turning off the switch, Humphrey said heatedly to his friend, "I really wish I *was* President. Because if I *was*, I'd dispatch the Israeli Army to Cairo to pick up Cleopatra's Needle, take it to Johnson City, and stuff it up the biggest ass-hole in Texas." One always suspected that Hubert's red corpuscles were exercised other than by the universal need for more jobs, better housing, better health care, and equal treatment under the law.

Hubert's animadversions have almost always been general, rather than private. To speak about Republican scoundrels was always easier on his good nature than to speak about individual Republican scoundrels. Fighting for his political future against George McGovern in the California primary in June 1972, Humphrey began their public debate with an apology. Earlier in the week, he explained, he had said that people who believe in confiscatory taxation are foolish. On reflection, he feared that some people would think that he had said about his colleague George McGovern that he was a "fool." Such people would be wrong, and if he had given them that impression, he wanted here and now to "apologize." Political exchanges are not models of syllogistic form. Granted that in a classroom Professor Humphrey would have been obliged to put it this way: 1) People who believe in confiscatory taxation are fools. 2) George McGovern believes in confiscatory taxation. Therefore, 3) George McGovern is a fool.

But Hubert Humphrey's career has been spent in ignoring the mute reproaches of logic. In September 1968, Candidate Humphrey intoned before a convention of the B'nai B'rith that Nixon had chosen to join forces with "the most reactionary elements in American society," by which he meant George Wallace, whose third-party candidacy was impinging on Humphrey's Democratic support. One year earlier, Vice President Humphrey had been photographed

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arm-in-arm with Governor Lester Maddox in Atlanta, Georgia. On that occasion he had said, "The Democratic Party is like a big house and has lots of room for all of us. I am happy to be in the presence of a good Democrat."

And so on, year after year, sponsoring a bill to outlaw the Communist Party in 1954, expressing himself as devoted, to the end, to South Vietnamese freedom in 1968, preparatory to saying in 1972 that he was in favor of cutting off the South Vietnamese "flat" because they were "in my judgment" "capable of their own defense." When the need would come to dodge on an issue, as in the California primary on the question of busing, he would say deprecatingly that busing "is only *one* of the many tools to effect integration," which was to say something as illuminating as that paper is only one of the constituents of pornography.

Ah, but that final speech at Madison Square Garden, when Hubert Humphrey, having lost the primaries to Jimmy Carter, must have reasoned—his physical health aside—that he had had his last crack at the Presidency. But he would rouse the Convention, after the torpor of Monday night. First, as we have seen, he denied the democratic credentials of the incumbent Administration, which required merely that his audience ignore an electoral victory of 521 to 17. Then he would find just-the-right-word for the Republicans in power, taking care to make no mention that the legislature, which passed all the bills, and spent all the money, and caused all the inflation, was solidly Democratic. He found a new word, or at least one I had not heard him use before. They were . . . "Tories."

"These modern Tories repudiate the magnificent legacy of Andrew Jackson and Woodrow Wilson; of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman; of John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson.

"There was no room for the Tories in Philadelphia in 1776. And I say there is no room for them in New York in 1976 or in Washington, D.C. in 1977!"

I know, I know. You know. *He* knows. The Tories in Philadelphia, *mutatis mutandis*, were the people who wrote the Constitution. But what does that matter, when the clamor of the crowd rings in the ear, when you know they will shout We Love Hubert! and the band will play, and everyone will rush to congratulate him. "That was a great speech!" the television viewer heard Bob Strauss, National Democratic Chairman, say. Perhaps Strauss had been singularly moved by Hubert Humphrey's passage, *"After eight years of phases, freezes, and failure, of start-ups and slowdowns, of high prices and fewer jobs, we are still being asked 'just a little more time and patience.' Go slow, not now, no, no, veto—this is the Republican theme. This is their policy. Well, we've had enough of this defeatism!"*

Ah, that causes the analytical blood to tingle with excitement!

Or was it the peroration?

"America looks to new leaders who can make our country both dynamic and just, who have a sense of compassion, but also dedication to individual initiative—leaders who can inspire and are inspired by our history, but who sense that our greatness is in the future.

"America's best days—America's great days—have only just begun!"

They speak about those marvelous new machines that one day will identify each one of us as surely as if they possessed our fingerprints, by scanning a stretch of prose. Hubert's will be unmistakable. Such prose as sets up dynamism and justice as dissonant, let alone antithetical, as suggests that compassion and initiative are disjunctive human impulses . . .

But how futile is the exercise, when we are engaged, in fact, in trying to console ourselves against the inconsolable reality, which is that this preposterous man, this man of majestic intellectual imprecision, this demagogue of transcendent gall, may not be with us forever. What is it about him that causes this sadness to well up, even in those Tories he has sought so diligently to exile?

I confess I do not have the answer. There are emotions —and quite properly so, is a Tory insight—that defy the taxonomic enterprise. Why do we care for him so? Why

The engineer opened the door slightly, and there was—Humphrey. 'I wonder,' he said beaming, 'would it be all right if I peeked?'

does his Las Vegas smile in fact light up the room? Why do we sit down and do our knitting, and let our eyeglasses slide down our nose, permit ourselves to smile—when Hubert is on TV, saying all those silly things? Why, when you talk to him, is there that inexplicable rise in human temperature, that makes *you* want to smile, like a blithering Democratic idiot making time at Madison Square Garden? Could it be that all that talk about civil rights and health care and old people and employment and slums and decent housing and nursery care and good education has, imperceptibly, but no less surely, sensitized the public conscience? So that we . . . *feel* more strongly than we used to do before Hubert called us to sit in the front row, and told us we were positively the prettiest children in town—and feel more keenly that concern for each other which, although it was enjoined by Jesus without cosmetics, lights, bands, or Potomac fever, never occupies us as devoutly as it should—is *that* what we love him for?

My experiences with him have been few, but one of them presses the memory. The forward compartment of the Pan Am 747 was very nearly empty. I think there were only eight or ten of us, but when the movie went on there was palpable excitement, because it was to be *The French Connection*, and we unhappy few hadn't seen it. What came on the screen was a frozen oscilloscope of sorts. After several attempts to fix it, the chief stewardess pronounced her apologies—something was wrong with the machine. There is within me, notwithstanding a lifetime's effort to suppress it, an impulse to intrusive do-gooding which from time to time simply takes me over, so that before my wife could succeed in manacling me to the seat, there I was, advising the chief stewardess that if she would get a screwdriver, I

(Continues on page 1511)

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ANOTHER NEW RIGHT

Constitutional Nonsense

DANIEL OLIVER

WE LIVE IN the age of judicial discovery, of New Constitutional Rights. Recently the New York Civil Liberties Union thought up another new right: the Constitutionally Guaranteed Right to be Adopted – whereupon it filed suit against New York City, New York State, and three child-care agencies. Bringing suit is easy. Defending can cost a fortune – in this case, about a quarter of a million dollars.

As a method of attack the CLU tried to press a class action, claiming that they, or rather the five individual black children in whose names they brought suit, represented all those black children in New York City's authorized child-care agencies whose legal relationship with their natural parents had been or could be terminated (ending that relationship is a prerequisite for being put up for adoption). They claimed that, although adoptive homes could be found for the more than five thousand members of the class, the child-care agencies deliberately kept them in foster care for their entire childhoods, in order to collect the per-capita government subsidies.

Fortunately, Murphy's Law was in temporary suspension the day the Judge ruled on the two major questions in the case: not everything that might have gone wrong did go wrong. Yes, said the Judge in deciding the constitutional question, certain rights do imply certain other rights. The Supreme Court has recognized that the rights to marry, establish a home, and bring up children are "basic civil rights." But that does not lead one inexorably to accept the existence of a federally constituted right to a permanent, stable home. It did not, at least, lead Federal District Judge Weinfeld to that conclusion. And after all, if there were a right to be adopted, would there be a correlative duty to adopt? Citizen Jones, go and adopt Citizen Brown.

Well, the CLU didn't get its reputation by being easily daunted. How about, they suggested, a right to be adopted, not exactly constitutionally sanctioned but derived from federal and state laws, a right that is protected as a property interest—and which therefore cannot be denied without due process? Judge Weinfeld wouldn't buy that one either.

Well, then, surely the children have been deprived of liberty, like those taken into custody because of incorrigibility. Farfetched, said the Judge. The state merely provides a home in substitution for the one the parents have failed to provide.

Cruel and unusual punishment, since permanent adoption would be a viable alternative? "This disingenuous attempt to expand plaintiff's rights under the Eighth Amendment is without substance."

THE SECOND BLOW to the CLU was the Judge's decision that the lawsuit was not a valid class action. Each adoption presents individual problems. Broad statistics simply cannot prove the case—but broad statistics proved to be just about all the CLU had. Pruned at last to its five individual plaintiffs, its case appeared as sorry as the children it claimed to be aiding. Obviously, it seemed to be saying, these five black children would have been adopted but for discrimination by the agencies.

There were, perhaps, other reasons. Consider just one of the plaintiffs: Mona was in one of the defendant agencies from age seven to age 15. When she was 16, Mona weighed 270 pounds, wet her bed regularly, and was a shoplifter. She was described as "a highly disturbed," "severely ego-damaged" child. And she didn't want to be adopted.

The CLU's only real case rested on a single fact, and a single imputation —that a black child in New York City is substantially less likely to be adopted than a white one, and that discrimination must be the reason. Statistics show, "unambiguously," that there are many more black children in the system than there are white children; and that 16.8 per cent of the blacks—for whom adoption is the "preferred placement"—are not adopted, as against only 4.7 per cent of the whites. It doesn't take a statistical genius to spot the fallacy here: In 1974, to pick a year, there were 2,500 black children "up" for adoption, but only 1,000 white children—in a city population of 1.6 million blacks, but 4.6 million whites. The easy—and correct—conclusion is that demographic supply and demand rather than discrimination accounts for the smaller percentage of blacks being adopted.

And so Judge Weinfeld concluded—but only after a trial in which the ninety or so other child-care agencies in New York City felt they had to play a part in order to protect their interests. The total legal bill, even at the lower rates lawyers tend to charge charitable clients, probably came to around $250,000—roughly 10 per cent of the budget of one of the defendants, or enough to support between three hundred and four hundred children in the system for a whole year.

On discrimination, we have become a nation of hypochondriacs. Quotas, affirmative action, expensive lawsuits by "public interest groups" have robbed us of a natural ease we should enjoy in the freest country on earth—a country that, as one civil liberties enthusiast puts it, has after all in the last century extended the franchise to one race and one sex. With such an accretion to civil liberties over the years, we may just be able to muddle through without a constitutional right to be adopted.

But perhaps we should consider requiring public interest groups such as Civil Liberties Unions—and the Federal Goverment while we're at it—to reimburse defendants for the cost of defending lawsuits when the public pressure groups, and the government, lose in court. That should be some incentive for them not to bring shabby suits like the CLU's. □

Mr. Oliver, NR's ex-Executive Editor, now practices law and the harpsichord.

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LETTER FROM ARGENTINA

The Self-Liquidating Junta

EVAN GALBRAITH

"Is it just luck that this Junta is of better quality than previous Juntas?" The senior officer to whom I put the question was visibly pleased by the tacit recognition of his boss's talents. "Well, we are learning by experience, which is reflected in the fact that this Junta acts as an institution and not as a power base for one of its members. The president is its spokesman; the cult of personality is proscribed. To prove they mean it the three members will resign in March 1979."

First, they will select their own successors in consultation with senior officers from each service and others outside the military. A nice act of good faith and credibility, and no one seems to doubt that in fact they *will* quit. Meanwhile, the press is free to complain, and due process is maintained most of the time, though political activity continues to be outlawed.

The Peronistas

Our senior officer went on to explain the institutionalized methods by which the Junta governs: the rules, the committees, the recommendations, the dissents, the decisions. It is all very thoroughly spelled out in a public document. No dates have been set for the return to elected leaders, but certain goals have been established, and free elections is one of them. First, however, there must be a reform of the electoral process. "Can an analogy be made to de Gaulle's creating the Fifth Republic?" Again the pleased smile: "No, the basic constitution is fine and will be kept. We will change only the electoral process. No former politicians will be allowed to run."

"Did the return of Perón, and his failure, kill the myth and immunize Argentina against Peronitis?"

"Some Peronistas remain but your simile is valid; with time they will fade." The Junta intends to provide for that time.

Sensing a Winner

The economy is on the road to recovery, and the arch-enemy, inflation, is being dealt with, albeit with difficulty. A prominent economic review estimates a 7.8 per cent increase in working-class cost of living index for the month ending November 15, well down from the disappointing month of October (according to another index, October was up by 14 per cent). The government's prediction for 1978, however, is for an average inflation of less than 5 per cent per month: another marked drop, and, most important, it looks feasible.

Argentina is impressed by Chile's drop in inflation rate: from 700 per cent in 1974, it went to 370 per cent in 1975, 280 per cent in 1976, and 55 per cent for the first ten months of 1977, with the possibility of being below 10 per cent in 1979. The current squeeze on the Argentine money supply has caused a financial crisis, and has sent interest rates soaring to over 200 per cent per annum. Foreign money is flowing in, seeking returns that exceed the erosion of the peso (which is fortunate although, unhappily, the foreign money tends to feed the inflation). The trade deficit prevailing when the Junta took power has been erased and exports are creating a substantial surplus. Reserves are at a record high of $3.4 billion.

The international bankers sense a winner, and offers for huge loans are pouring in, with declining interest rates offered. For example, YPF, the state oil company, is currently arranging a $250-million loan for seven years. (Argentina is over 80 per cent self-sufficient in oil and should be 100 per cent).

Meanwhile, Argentinians are back gambling again in the money markets and in the *Bolsa*; the financial district in Buenos Aires looks like old times. Everyone has faith in the Economics Minister, José Martínez de Hoz, who currently has Friedrich Hayek in town giving a series of well-publicized lectures. The president made a big thing out of receiving Hayek, and that's one of many good signs in regard to economic policy.

Terrorism seems to have been stamped out and Buenos Aires is a beehive, charming, pleased with its political stability, and, on the whole, confident. All is not roses; workers are complaining (with some justification), and capital investment is still inadequate, but the nerve of the government could help bolster the nerve of the producers, and the investment–consumption cycle could take off. Now it is mostly consumption. However, Argentina is rich in the basics; in 1910, she ranked sixth economically in the world (today she is fortieth). Cross your fingers and hail Hayek; Argentina could once more be back in the economic Big Leagues.

Secretary Vance was down here this week discussing, among other things, human rights, the Carter Administration's focusing on which amazes Argentinians. The people I met scoff at the figures on political prisoners released by the World Council of Churches, Amnesty International, and others. They speak of distortions and of a lack of understanding about their recent civil war with the terrorists. When does a terrorist become a political prisoner?

There are even charges of anti-semitism, which charges are said to be so ridiculous that they themselves become evidence of the false and misleading nature of the propaganda campaign against the government.

The Junta is widely accepted as necessary. Serious breaches of human rights probably will occur if the Junta fails to provide adequately for its own termination; but for the time being Argentina is not the iron-fisted police state it is alleged to be, and the Junta is serving a purpose desired by most Argentinians. □

Mr. Galbraith, a resident of London, was recently in Buenos Aires for the investment-banking firm of Dillon, Read, of which he is a partner.

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TIMES WATCH

Fellow-Traveling in Mozambique

ROBERT MOSS

I AM SURE there was no lack of American reporters in the 1930s, no doubt including some from the *New York Times*, who were capable of writing long, glowing articles about Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia without mentioning such embarrassments as concentration camps, the secret police, or the treatment of the Jews. But I have no doubt that a present-day reporter from the *New York Times* who came back from a trip to, say, Chile and handed in two sprawling pieces in which he ignored the existence of a government intelligence service and devoted his space to fulsome praise of General Pinochet and to descriptions of how, wherever he went, people shouted "*Viva la junta!*" would be out of a job within minutes.

I call in evidence two almost interminable reports, published in the *New York Times* on November 11 and 14, by one Michael Kaufman, who seems to be competing for the title of Fellow-Traveler of the Year. He certainly has little to learn from Lincoln Steffens. The object of his enthusiasm is Mozambique, whose Marxist regime appears to me to be as civilized as a machete chop. But Kaufman has seen the future and, according to him, it works. Mozambique is now "fertile ground for the nurturing of socialism's 'new man'" —a sort of greenhouse where the "seeds of scientific socialism" can flower "without repression or economic chaos."

He tells us of a three-thousand-mile safari in which he saw no signs of repression, few men in uniform, and lots of happy peasants raising their fists in the Frelimo salute. (If he had a Frelimo escort, as I suspect he had, it would of course have been rather imprudent of them to do otherwise.) In between toiling joyously in the fields, the peasants take in political meetings, which Kaufman demurely refrains from calling indoctrination sessions. Even the trains run on time: "Phones, railroads, and airlines worked."

Kaufman does not seem to have talked much to the locals (does he speak Portuguese?) but came up trumps with an expatriate feminist from the Bronx. She gushes on about "the politeness, the absence of repression," conceding that "I know that back home it must sound like a fairy tale."

A fairy tale? Well, I suppose some elements in it could have been scripted by the Brothers Grimm. What has Kaufman got to tell us about the reports of horror, systematic torture, mass executions, forced labor in the "re-education camps," and the official theft of property from the Asian business community? Kaufman says that he was unable to get transportation to a re-education camp. Now, you might think that at this point he would have begun to smell a rat. After all, if his colleagues are denied access even to an outdoor lavatory in Santiago, they immediately claim it is a torture center. Frelimo couldn't be bothered to clean up even *one* of their forced labor camps in order to give him a guided tour. But Kaufman was very content with a reassurance from "officials at the Information Ministry" that the inmates of the camps are "largely criminals, alcoholics, and drug users."

Oh, by the way, there were also one or two "obstructionists." He doesn't define the word, or challenge it.

There is no passage in Kaufman's reports that is more luminously revealing about the mentality of the fellow-traveler. The full enormity of what he has committed to paper is again obvious through transposition. Think of the thunderbolts that would have shaken Times Square had he come back from Chile (or Iran, South Korea, Argentina, South Africa . . .) and claimed—on the authority of the press man at the ministry—that we should forget about the people held in detention camps because they're all drunks, acidheads, and mafiosi.

In the charmed environment of a people's democracy, Kaufman, a journalist by trade, treats press freedom as an irrelevance, a bourgeois illusion. "The press," he says, "is active and there are many publications, all of which seek to inspire rather than criticize." What the man is saying is that if you dare to deviate from the party line, you are locked up. But he covers over the brutal reality in a candied web of euphemism and evasion.

I have not been to Mozambique since Frelimo took over, and I rather doubt that I would find a ready welcome in Maputo. But I will no more defer to Kaufman's version of the facts because he has "been there" than I will defer to Wilfred Burchett's account of life in Pyongyang or Hanoi because he has access to those places that is denied to critical reporters.

THERE ARE MANY sources other than the Frelimo press office that Kaufman might have consulted. There are the brave men who are fighting in the National Resistance Movement (RNM), one of whom was reduced to helpless laughter by Kaufman's suggestion that the regime controls the entire countryside. There is the constant flow of defectors—many of them disenchanted leftists—who are fleeing to Lisbon. There are the African exiles whose property was seized, but who still have family in the country. There are those 250,000 despised white settlers who are now swelling the ranks of the unemployed in Portugal.

I have friends among all these groups, and their accounts enable me to fill in a few of the yawning gaps in Kaufman's story. It is striking that Kaufman mentions only one political figure in Maputo—the erratic President Samora Machel. In fact, however, the real power in Mozambique today is in the hands of a triumvirate consisting of Marcelino dos Santos, Sergio Vieira, and Oscar Monteiro. These men have three things in common: a) they are all mestiços, men of mixed race; b)

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they are all hard-line pro-Soviet Communists who have succeeded (at least for the present) in destroying the power of the pro-Chinese faction in Frelimo; and c) all of them, as students in France, chose to join the *Portuguese* Communist Party, which was rightly regarded, then and now, as the most Stalinist party in Western Europe.

Because they are mestiços, they need a black front-man who is not clever enough to challenge them. Machel fits the bill. He gives the image of a bush guerrilla fighter, which belies his weakness. He is said to be drinking heavily, and displays the symptoms of advanced paranoia. His fear of assassination is so great that he is said to have ordained that no one should look out of the windows when his presidential cavalcade is passing.

KAUFMAN DROPS NO HINT that anything as nasty as a secret police may exist in his socialist utopia. In fact, Machel's regime has created not one secret intelligence service, but two. The first is the ominously-named SNASP. Its nominal chief is Comandante Veloso, a former Portuguese air force officer who now doubles as air force chief of staff. But, in practice, SNASP is totally controlled and supervised by the East Germans. The other service, the PIC, is supposedly the criminal investigation department, but it devotes most of its labor to political repression. Its present chief is Comandante Raposo. He had a charming predecessor—a white gangster called Zeca Russo, wanted for murder in several countries—who was bumped off under mysterious circumstances in South Africa earlier this year after fleeing an inquiry into his massive embezzling. Between them SNASP and PIC do a crude but fairly efficient job of eliminating rivals of the pro-Soviet ruling clique in the capital. Their agents commonly resort to torture.

If Kaufman should think of using his entrée to Mozambique again, I would implore him to ask for the present whereabouts of some of their victims. Here are five names for him to begin with (and I hope Amnesty International will take note as well):

1. Uria Simango, a former chairman of the Frelimo movement, jailed because Machel sees him as a rival.

2. Father Mateus Gwengere, another former Frelimo activist, who was a close friend of its murdered leader, Eduardo Mondlane.

3. Paulo José Gumane, one of the first Frelimo activists to rebel against its growing pro-Soviet orientation.

4. Juana Simianco, one of Gumane's followers.

5. Jorge Calrão, a white Mozambican pilot who is known to have been tortured with electrodes.

I do not know whether they are living or dead. No one can say for sure how many political prisoners there are in Mozambique. The most cautious estimate I have heard is twenty thousand.

I have more questions for Mr. Kaufman. If Frelimo is so popular, why does it require the assistance of two battalions of Tanzanian troops—about three thousand men—to cope with the Makondé rebellion in the far north, as well as an increasing number of East European "experts" in the major towns?

This deepening Soviet-bloc involvement must be explained by strategic factors as well as the desire to prop up a puppet regime. The Russians are creating a huge naval and air force base in Nacala, a superb deep-water port which has been turned into a "no-go" area. The roads leading to Nacala are blocked by twenty Soviet tanks; SAM missile batteries and six MiG fighters have appeared at the air base, which is equipped with a new landing strip 3,600 meters long. The Russian garrison is said to include at least two hundred Soviet troops, as well as Cubans and East Germans. Prised out of Berbera, in Somalia, the Russians may hope to build up Nacala as a naval headquarters in the Indian Ocean.

I suspect that one of the things that Kaufman is trying to tell us, between the lines, is that what has happened in Mozambique shows that a takeover by the guerrillas of the "Patriotic Front" in Rhodesia would not result in economic collapse or the slaughter of the whites. If so, he does not make much of a case. He fails to explain why almost the entire white community (250,000 out of 270,000) took flight from the joys of socialist revolution.

He happily cites examples of how whites are no longer at the head of the queue in getting medical treatment or schooling. No doubt this is so; but his is an odd perspective. From Kaufman's own evidence, it is clear that in the new Mozambique, *everyone*—blacks as well as whites—is worse off in these respects. The fact that 130 white Portuguese doctors left after the Frelimo takeover has not helped the blacks of Mozambique. The fact that the university has been closed has not helped even the leftist students.

Did Michael Kaufman visit the central province of Quelimane? Here, in the waist of Mozambique, the resistance groups range freely over the countryside, and the police do not dare to venture outside the towns. Many of the leaders of the local guerrilla groups are ex-Frelimo, like Comandante Andre, formerly the chief of Frelimo's military engineers in Beira, who switched sides after the local commissar confiscated the white Mercedes he had purchased from a fleeing Portuguese settler for $350 as a sign of "bourgeois deviationism" and threatened to send him to one of those "re-education" camps Kaufman did not see.

What fellow-travelers characteristically fail to observe is the truth of an observation made by Jorge Jardim (who was once described as the "Lawrence of Arabia of Mozambique" and is now a moving spirit behind the resistance): "the only way to destroy an authoritarian government is to co-operate with it." Of the intimate circle of ten Frelimo leaders around Bonifacio Groveta, the governor of Quelimane, it is said that no less than eight are secret supporters of the local resistance group, the Frente Popular de Zambesia.

THE GRIP OF Mozambique's Marxist leaders, though bloodied by repression, is far from secure. But we will need a different sort of reporter than Michael Kaufman to tell us what hope remains that the Marxist dictatorship that is now installed—and blessed with Western credits—will one day give way to something more promising. I would be glad if Kaufman, the next time round, at least sought to answer some of the questions I have raised. But I am again reminded of Lincoln Steffens, reflecting on the Soviet earthly paradise from his congenial retreat on the Italian Riviera: "I am for them to the last drop, the future is there . . . But I don't want to live there." Prove me wrong, Mr. Kaufman. Please, prove me wrong. □

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Freedom from Quotas

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

One of the lessons we supposedly derived from Watergate was that Congress must protect its rightful powers from the Executive. It was improper, we were told, for the Executive to thwart the legislative will through fund impoundments, secret initiatives, or subtle twisting of the laws that Congress in its majesty enacted.

For some peculiar reason, this weighty lesson is not applied to other controversies of more recent vintage. Like, for instance, quotas. In the wake of the Allan Bakke case, virtually everything imaginable has been said about quotas, both pro and con: that they are a form of reverse discrimination, that they are constitutional (or not), that they are needed to sustain the progress of minorities, that they are demeaning to minorities, and so on.

What is almost never mentioned however, is that quotas, be they good bad, or indifferent on their merits, are flatly contrary to the will of Congress. In adopting the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which is the controlling statute in such cases, Congress unequivocally set its face against the use of racial balances, including quotas and racial balance busing. These prohibitions were written into the statute (Sections 401 and 407) and were stressed in floor debate by sponsors of the bill, including Senators Humphrey, Clark, and Case on the plausible grounds that "quotas are themselves discriminatory."

No sooner was this law enacted than members of the Executive bureaucracy —with a big assist from the federal courts—went to work to stand it on its head. For upwards of a decade now, the minions of Health, Education, and Welfare, the Labor Department, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, and other agencies of the Executive have been promoting racial, ethnic, and sexual balance by every means at their disposal. And they have done so under the presumed authority of the very law that prohibits "racial balance" in its wording.

Fortunately, there are a few stout Pyms in Congress who refuse to take these usurpations lying down. One such is Representative Jim Collins (R., Tex.), who has introduced a bill he calls the "freedom from quotas act" to reassert the clear intent of Congress. The Collins bill (HR-8375) would prohibit findings of racial or other discrimination on the basis of the ethnic-sexual makeup of a given work force, and would explicitly ban supposed remedies that take the shape of "goals" or "timetables" (quotas by another name). The legislation would also make it illegal to require an employer, employment agency, or labor union to conduct an ethnic-sexual census of employees.

"This bill," Collins asserts, "would reaffirm the rights of the individual citizen. When it passed the Civil Rights Act in 1964, Congress made it law that each individual should be judged on his merit and his ability to do the job, not on the color of his skin. . . . Congress outlawed discrimination and then the bureaucrats came up with programs to implement a system by which an individual is judged only on the basis of his group or race. With this questionable tool, the bureaucrats have succeeded in completely undermining the will of Congress and the American people."

An identical bill has been introduced by Representative Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.), who has also drafted legislation to deal with the ridiculous onslaught against fraternities, sororities, and all-boy choirs (HR-6200). In addition, this bill would prohibit federal interference with athletics and affirm the use of tests and standards appropriate for educational purposes. Basically, the purpose of the Collins-Kemp bills is to ensure that nobody is harassed for vague, generic "discrimination" in the absence of provable forbidden deeds. Findings that "you must be guilty because of the result" would be illegal.

A slightly different approach has been attempted by Senator Jesse Helms (R., N.C.), with specific focus on higher education. Rather than battling the Orwellian gobbledygook about "goals" and "timetables," or trying to undo the bureaucratic usurpations piecemeal, Helms attacks the problem at its source: the funding mechanism by which the federal regulators have established an irresistible leverage over American education, and forced their unbalanced view of racial balance on a reluctant nation.

As Helms points out, if a single department or program at a college or university receives a dollar of federal money, or if a single student benefits from federal scholarship aid, then the entire school is designated a "recipient institution," and comes under the rules and guidelines of HEW. By this procedure, virtually all of American higher education is drawn into the bureaucratic net.

It is this machinery of control that Helms proposes to dismantle. His bill (S-1361), which he dubs "the academic freedom act of 1977," would restrict federal rules and regulations to programs that directly receive federal assistance, rather than extending them to the institution as a whole, and confine the HEW sanction of withholding funds to particular programs that are alleged to be offensive (Kemp's HR-6200 contains a similar provision). It would also make it clear that assistance given directly to a student is not to be construed as aid to the college, and would exempt from many federal regulations institutions where federal funding is less than 5 per cent of the annual budget.

As certain liberal educators have learned to their dismay, federal aid emphatically does mean federal control, and plenty of it. Senator Helms's bill would not repeal this elementary fact of life, but would confine the harsh effects to those who have legitimately incurred them. His legislation, and the companion bills of Kemp and Collins, would go far to end the quota madness —and assert the rightful claims of an avenging Congress. □

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Disintegrating Italy

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

WHAT WE SEE in Italy today is an obvious process of general disintegration. Italy is suffering simultaneously from an economic crisis, a crisis of the public order (with a crime wave paralleled in no other European country), a political-parliamentary crisis, and, last but not least, a spiritual crisis. And all these factors contribute to each other. For example, one reason why the Christian Democrats (CD) are finding it difficult to rule, even though they are still the largest party, is that the Catholic Church—of which the Christian Democrats, however hotly both they and the Vatican may deny it, are effectively the secular arm in Italy—is in a crisis.

In the past year the Vatican has tried to put the brakes on, but the damage done through many years cannot be undone overnight, in the theological as in the social and political domains. The Vatican's weakness is evidenced by such things as its toleration of a theologian like Hans Küng. Even Kryleyev, the Soviet specialist on religion, has declared that in Küng's last book, *On Being a Christian*, all that remains of Christianity is the label. From the other side, the Curia is challenged by the followers of Bishop Lefebvre. With the failure of the Vatican's Ostpolitik, the confusion is all but complete.

Mere Anarchy

Ironically, if the "Historic Compromise"—a coalition government composed of Christian Democrats and Communists—should come to pass, it will amount to at least a symbolic Vatican-Kremlin alliance. The Historic Compromise has not quite matured —partly because the Communists do not want to share the responsibility of dealing with Italy's current crises; partly, rumor has it, because, as with the French Communist Party, the Kremlin is wary of the effect that coming to power as a part of a coalition might have on the Communist purity of Berlinguer's party. But the Historic Compromise remains Berlinguer's aim in the long run. Through their Eurocommunist stance, their insistence on law and order, and their moderating influence on the trade unions, the Communists now seem harmless. And one wing of the CD is eager to form a government with them.

But precisely these tactics of the Italian Communist Party (PCI) have caused certain self-styled "Maoist" students (with, usually, no idea of what Mao stood for or what the new China is really like) to rebel against the PCI. What everyone has always known has now become evident: there are few genuine Communists in Italy. The average Italian leftist does not dream of collective farms, hard factory work, and iron discipline. He dreams of shooting policemen, going to bed with beautiful actresses, giving himself up to total, unfettered freedom. Most of the leftist students are of this stripe, and they see the PCI as wedged between two devils: the Kremlin and bourgeois respectability.

Yet it would be an error to attribute the incredible vandalism inside and outside the universities to ideology alone. There are material and educational causes as well, above all the fact that far too many young people are going on to the university, and too many of them are studying subjects which even under favorable circumstances lead only to academic careers: political science, sociology, psychology—interesting studies, but they won't get one a job. Even students of business administration, law, medicine, engineering, and languages are having a tough time. But these students have been led to believe that the state and society owe them a job—and not just any job, but a job in the field they have chosen to be trained for. Since, in their present form, state and society are unable to satisfy these needs, the students are up in arms. And, again, as regards the Communist Party, these students have the sinking feeling that Berlinguer, the Red Marchese, if he ever came to full power, might send them to dig ditches —and they are probably right. Hence the clashes not only with the police, but also with the PCI.

In addition to the street battles and destruction of public and private property in Rome, Milan, and Bologna (seat of Europe's oldest university), there is the more general collapse of authority. Of course, one should not forget that this is not Italy's disease alone: all of Western Europe is suffering from it. But if this decay is a European problem, it is also a specifically Italian problem, arising partly from the temperament of the people and partly from the historical formation of the nation. The state called "Italy" did not come into existence until the nineteenth century, and even then it took a long time for the most conservative segments of society—in this case, the lower classes —to co-operate. Guglielmo Ferrero rightly called the new all-Italian monarchy of the Savoys "quasi-legitimate," and as for the postwar republic (based on a slim majority in the plebiscite) it remains "quasi-legitimate" at best. And anyway, in a country like Italy can you judge legitimacy by the numbers? At the height of his career Mussolini certainly had the support of the masses, and today, like the Fascists then, the Communists are steadily advancing into an authority vacuum.

The Blood-Dimmed Tide

Meanwhile, as the riots continue, the accused members of the "Red Brigade" in Milan cannot be tried because the jurors, intimidated by massive threats, refused to attend the trial. (They brought medical certificates stating that fear was undermining their health.) When court proceedings come to a standstill for such a reason, can the lawful, constitutional state be said to exist? The leader of the South Tyrolean People's Party, Silvius Magnago, has declared that if Italy were to get even a semi-Communist regime, his people would break away and rejoin Austria. The cries of indignation from all over Italy were loud—but drowned out by the noise of the riots and destruction that continue, as the dividing line between political and ordinary crime vanishes. The strikes go on; the churches become deserted; the prisons are overcrowded, but still the real evildoers are at large. The isolated case of just one nation? I am afraid that, as in the Renaissance, Italy is once more leading Europe—but in a very different direction. □

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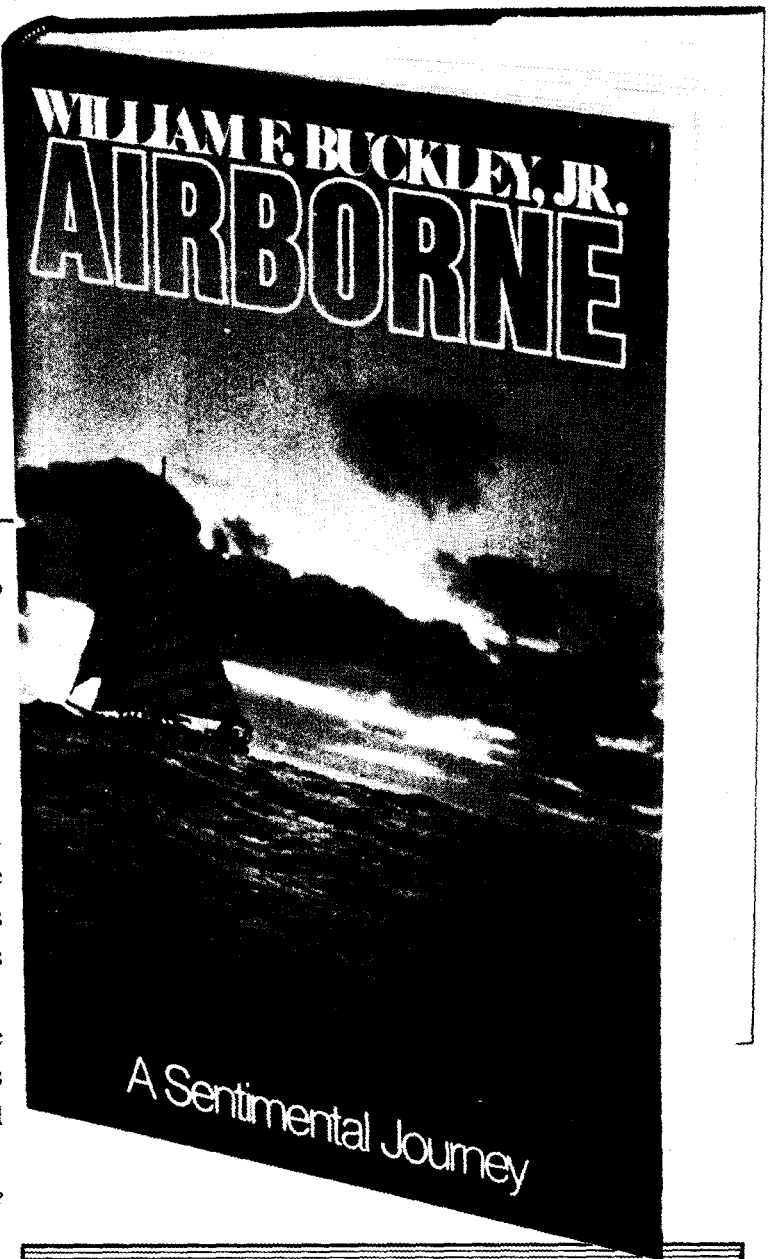

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Books Arts & Manners

Whistling in the Dark

JOHN SIMON

WHY, ONE GETS ASKED, persist in writing film criticism when there are so few good movies around? For the critic, the answer is simple: like the collector of any other rarity, he cannot worry about the elusiveness of the ideal find. If he does not hit upon the perfect movie this week, month, year—no matter: there have been interesting near-misses all along the way. And, unlike other collectors, the critic can publish his pleasures and displeasures and hope that in some small, unmeasurable way they might contribute to the making of better movies. Or, at least, clear the ground of rubble, and prepare the terrain and climate, so that the better things to come may gain a foothold and receive the necessary support.

And are there signs of minimal improvement? Has the ground been passably cleared of rubbish? I am not sure, but we should always consider how much worse yet the situation could be if the critic were not around, doggedly resisting craven compromise—a watchdog against pollution, a truffle-dog ferreting out the rare delicacies. If someone decided to evaluate the current movie scene from the main attractions in New York today, he would certainly not conclude that the taste of filmmakers and moviegoers has been appreciably raised. Yet should the critic's fight be a losing one, that would not make it either unjust or unnecessary; it may even be that the lost causes are the only ones worth fighting for.

By far the most attention-getting film at the moment is Steven Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, the latest example of a possible trend toward science-fiction superproductions. This $17- to $19-million item (or, counting the advertising budget, $22- to $25-million) must be the most expensive piece of sf to date, appropriate for an age that finds cost at least as impressive as quality. The thirty-year-old director-screenwriter set out to make something even more astounding than his last one, *Jaws*; if the watery epic left viewers with their mouths more agape than a shark's, this skyey paean to the UFOs was to leave them saucer-eyed. And, sure enough, at the populous preview I attended, the special effects got lusty applause; the plot, characters, and dialogue got nothing.

This is the fourth in a series of essays which will be appearing quarterly in "Books, Arts, & Manners."

The one salient feature of Spielberg's script is that it makes no sense whatever. This may have something to do with its having been shot over a period of three years and with five different cinematographers (sometimes the same car has different license plates). But it must have more to do with a basic contempt for consistency—not just the petty kind ridiculed by Emerson, but the very basic sort that turns acts into behavior and brain waves into thought. Thus Spielberg's UFOs, though meant to be manned by benevolent, superior creatures, play nasty practical jokes on mankind, and are criminally careless of human safety.

IF THERE IS little justification for such cat-and-mouse games, there is still less for these supermen, or, as they are finally represented, super-hermaphrodites, encoding their proposed trysting place with the earthlings in a conundrum: it seems that these giant intellects that have mastered Zoltán Kodály's sign language for teaching deaf children music are unable to decode and learn ordinary human speech. Worse inconsistency: only a handful of people deign to look up into the skies and take note of the UFOs carrying on there like a planetarium gone haywire.

Human behavior and relationships run counter to minimal common sense throughout. When the hero—Roy Neary, a power-company lineman—is haunted by the vision of a cone-shaped object, there is no reason for him to plunder his neighbors' chicken wire and half the objects in his own house and garden to build a cone up to his living-room ceiling. Nor is there just cause for his wife to run out on him with their children before seeking medical advice or at least a heart-to-heart talk. When Roy falls in love with Jillian, a fellow UFO-watcher whose four-year-old son Barry has been abducted by a saucer, he promptly abandons her to go off with the spacemen or space-epicenes on a ride that may last days, years, forever, as she dopily snaps pictures of his departure. Roy's car is, at one point, practically

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demolished by unmotivated UFO interference; next minute, we see it drive off in one piece.

Major and minor contradictions ooze out of this movie. A French scientist, Lacombe (an excuse for casting François Truffaut), seems at times to run the entire U.S. Army and Air Force UFO project; at others, he is in complete ignorance of strategy—as when the area around Devil's Tower, the cone-shaped Wyoming mountain where the UFOs will land, is to be evacuated by a sinister military stratagem. Sometimes Lacombe speaks decent English; sometimes he is lost without an interpreter. Eluding pursuit on foot and by helicopter, Roy and Jillian make it up the near-perpendicular slope of Devil's Tower —a marvel of mountaineering as well as stupidity, seeing that the installation for the UFO landing is clearly at the base of the mountain.

The film's myriad self-contradictions allow for three possibilities: 1) Spielberg has the memory span of a four-year-old—a possibility reinforced by little Barry's being the closest thing to an authorial alter ego among the dramatis personae; 2) Spielberg, like a true child of his era, considers any kind of logic an outdated hang-up; 3) Spielberg is incapable of elementary ratiocination.

Indeed, under the many layers of contradiction, we come at last to the bedrock of solid nonsense In the film's grand finale, the visitors' glittering mother ship, looking like an enormous flying carrousel in full Christmas regalia, lands at the Army station for a musical parley with the earthlings' building-sized audio-visual electronic organ. Finally, some U S. airmen who disappeared with their planes in World War II (an actual occurrence) are disbursed by their super-saucer—earlier in the film, their aircraft were discovered miraculously intact in the Arizona desert — and are, thirty years later, not a day older or a jot wiser: the one, presumably, through a time warp: the other, no doubt, through a brain warp. A bunch of U.S. galactonauts, in firehouse-red space suits, are duly blessed by a padre and embark in the visitors' craft. Why, when the World War II crews clearly have returned to earth in a state of utter hebetude? True, they didn't have fire-red suits or a chaplain's blessing.

Meanwhile, dimly perceived, the space creatures dance before their ship. One of them accosts Lacombe; as devised by Carlo Rambaldi (the creator also of King Kong II), it is spindly, moon-faced, androgynous, and seemingly made of plasticene. It grins like an anonymous Halloween pumpkin, though Pauline Kael has identified its rictus as "Jean Renoir's lopsided grin," beneficently bestowed on Renoir's admirer François Truffaut. Meanwhile Roy has donned a crimson space suit—the Army must always have a few spares around—and has blithely joined the delegation to the great beyond. Lacombe gazes after him enviously, and expresses his ungratifiable yearning to join him, although nothing about the Frenchman makes him appear anything but expendable.

Why, you might wonder, do these supersane extraterrestrial minds inhabit such sickly bodies? To make them, I suppose, closer to objects, which Spielberg always prefers to people. In his *Duel*, the true protagonist is a mean-looking, homicidal truck, whose driver is never seen. In *The Sugarland Express*, cars and helicopters act up a storm, while the people remain ciphers. In *Jaws*, an electronically operated shark is by far the most real character. Now, in *Close Encounters*, the hypertrophic gadget is literally exalted, enskied, while people become mere counters.

But, then, reification of persons and deification of machines has been par for the sf-film course. These filmmakers —whether they be Kubrick with *2001*, George Lucas with *Star Wars*, or Spielberg—seem afraid, perhaps even incapable, of genuine feelings. Kubrick may pretend that his

RANDOM NOTES

■ More November Titles: Eugen Loebl (author of *Humanomics* and *My Mind on Trial*) and Stephen B. Roman have collaborated on *The Responsible Society* (Regina Ryan Books/Two Continents, $6.95), in which, working from the principles of humanomics, they advocate a new approach to economics that would include such reforms as replacing government spending by government lending. . . . Morris Alexander, a well-known member of the American Zionist community, emigrated to Israel with his family and lived there four years. *Israel and Me* (Two Continents/Schenkman, $10) is his somewhat disillusioned portrait of that country.

■ Some January Titles: Peter Gay, in *Freud, Jews, and Other Germans: Masters and Victims in Modernist Culture* (Oxford, $12.95), addresses himself to the contribution of German Jewry to modernism. . . . *A Confidential Matter: The Letters of Richard Strauss and Stefan Zweig* (University of California, $8.95), translation by Max Knight, introduction by Edward E. Lowinsky, is a record of the partnership that produced the opera *The Silent Woman*, premiered in Germany in 1935. . . . Frank Mankiewicz and Joel E. Swerdlow strike a predictable attitude in their treatment of the influence of TV in general and TV violence in particular, in their book *Remote Control: Television and the Manipulation of American Life* (Times Books, $15). But how bemusing to find a retired press agent and political campaign manager complaining about "manipulation of the public"! . . . In *The Protestant Temperament: Patterns of Child-Rearing, Religious Experience, and the Self in Early America* (Knopf, $15), Philip Greven, a social historian of modest parts, traces the developing solicitude for the self that ended by eviscerating the Early American strain of Protestant piety. . . . George McGovern's *Grassroots* (Random House, $12.50) is an autobiographical work that probably foretells his political future as well as telling of his personal origins. Interestingly, McGovern, writing in the era of the Carter ministry, says very little about his own early aspirations to the cloth. . . . Harrison E. Salisbury's *Black Night, White Snow: Russia's Revolutions, 1905-1917* (Doubleday, $14.95) is the first of two volumes on the subject. . . . *Memoirs of a Polyglot: The Autobiography of William Gerhardie* (St. Martin's, $10) is flawed solely by the fact that it was written in 1931 when its author was only 35. St. Martin's reprinted Gerhardie's novels to shouts of critical exultation several years ago.

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point is precisely the affectlessness of the space age—but why, then, are his other films, about the past and present, similarly affectless? Lucas may evade the issue by telling a children's adventure story in which sexuality and love do not belong by definition. Spielberg elides the whole thing with a few moist glances and one perfunctory clinch, ostensibly to keep the action racing ahead—indeed, he shoots nearly every sequence as if it were a noisy, frantic, breathless climax. Anything to avoid addressing oneself to the relations of grown men and women.

A Catholic priest, described as a "closet sf writer," has gushed in the pages of the *New York Times* about the sense of religious wonder a film like *Close Encounters* provides—about the angelic hosts it sneaks back into our lives by the back door of science fiction. Whoever can derive a sense of awe from this tinsel in the sky, these Portuguese men-o'-war blown up ten-thousand-fold and bedizened with Yuletide department-store finery, is welcome to it. But I think there is more wonder in a snowflake, or in one minute of film by a genuine artist, than is dreamt of in Spielberg's pseudo-philosophy. As for the acting—trying to evaluate performers in a movie like this is like attempting to determine which of the soccer-playing dogs in the Moscow Circus is the best player.

WHEN AMERICAN MOVIES are not diving into the future, they tend, with equal determination, to totter backward into a synthetic past. Take *The Turning Point*, that supposedly trail-blazing look both at the ballet and at what lurks behind its scenes. Now, ballet has become enormously popular with American audiences during the last few years, but not since *The Specter of the Rose,* a baroque extravaganza of 1946, has an American movie tried to come to grips with it. It might be supposed that the present scenarist, Arthur Laurents (who wrote the books of such dance-oriented Broadway musicals as *Gypsy* and *West Side Story*), the director, Herbert Ross (a former dancer and choreographer), and the assistant director, Nora Kaye (Ross's wife and a distinguished ex-ballerina of the American Ballet Theater), would be just the people to give us both the visible and hidden truths about the ballet.

Not so. They have concocted instead the balletic version of all those countless sentimental backstage musicals and comedy-dramas of yesteryear. In essence, it is the story of two former aspiring ballerinas, now middle-aged. At the turning point, Deedee gave up her career to marry the fellow dancer who had made her pregnant and settled down in Oklahoma to raising a family and teaching ballet; Emma, however, after counseling Deedee not to have an abortion, snatched the lead in a new ballet and went on to become the prima ballerina of the American Ballet Company (not so much a disguise as a fig leaf for the American Ballet Theater) at the cost of remaining single, having unsatisfactory affairs, and now facing supersession by younger talents, to be followed by sterile retirement. The two women meet again and battle it out over Emilia, Deedee's daughter and Emma's godchild, who has joined the company to become its improbably swiftly rising prima-designate. Envious of each other's lives, Deedee and Emma also fight it out between themselves with accusations old and new in a knock-down drag-out fracas that starts in acrimony, continues with blows, and ends in sisterly laughter—and exists only in movies of a markedly factitious kind.

But everything here is spurious. Emilia's meteoric rise to the top; the simplistic love affairs in which the women get involved, and promptly disinvolved, entirely by rote; the schematic backstage camaraderie and rivalries; the homespun aperçus and the burlap epigrams. The fact that this is a *pièce à clef*, with mildly acidulous sketches of recognizable ABT personalities, only worsens things: stingless satire on such colorful people is less than no satire at all. Thus, in an age that could face the prevalence of homosexuality among male ballet dancers and the curious situations into which this forces the female dancers, the film offers exactly two brief references to inversion, one of them hypocritically mentioning the "old days" when most male dancers were "presumed to be fairies." Actually, no such presumptions ever existed: the old days were too naïve; our times are not naïve enough.

Most of the acting is as unconvincing as the script. Shirley MacLaine's Deedee looks like a smug, middle-aged kitten who has swallowed enough canaries to bloat her middle. When contented, her smirks are holier than thou and cuter than all getout; when provoked, she can work herself up to a positively majestic simper. Anne Bancroft's Emma is a trifle more convincingly dancerish, if only because she looks thin and drawn; yet she has a way of wearing her haggardness as if it were a layer of stubborn dirt that has defied all cleansers.

There is agreeable work, though, from Leslie Browne, who makes a credible Emilia, even if she is, in the dance scenes, naturally outclassed by Mikhail Baryshnikov as Yuri, the company's *danseur noble* and somewhat less noble philanderer. When he dances on screen, Baryshnikov is almost more spell-binding than on stage, but he is no actor—not even a comprehensible speaker of English. Among the supporting cast, Alexandra Danilova manages with infectious bounce an ex-prima turned into a benevolent dragon of a teacher—which, unfortunately, belies one of the premises of the movie: that a gaping nothingness awaits the woman who chooses career over marriage. Not bad either, in his poker-faced, effete nastiness, is Daniel Levans as an Eliot Feldish whiz-kid choreographer of the new school; but here the script oversimplifies the nastiness, just as it oversimplifies the goodness of Deedee's patient husband, however roundedly Tom Skerritt tries to play him. In a character apparently compounded out of Oliver Smith and Jerome Robbins, James Mitchell is doubly dull.

Still, dragged down by clichés as it is, *The Turning Point* does take a hefty step ahead in filmed ballet. Herbert Ross

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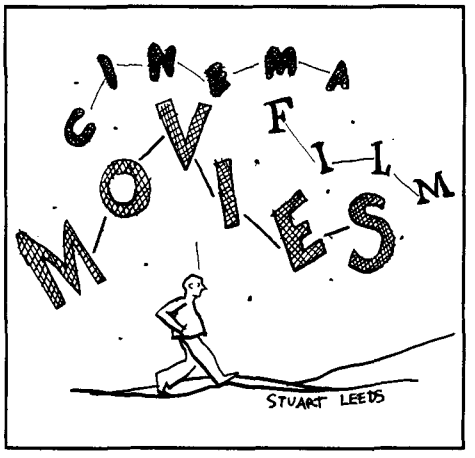
may be an indifferent director, but he was a choreographer and knows where the camera should be for maximum efficacy during every moment of the dance sequences. And Robert Surtees has so lighted and shot them that the dancers never get lost in the backgrounds. When Baryshnikov does one of his variations, the audience gasps and cheers—and applauds something worthier than special effects.

AND WHAT is Europe sending us these days? The picture, with one or two exceptions, is not appreciably brighter. Take Bernardo Bertolucci's highly acclaimed, though to my mind wildly overrated, *1900*, which finally reached us shortened by one full hour (out of five and one-quarter). This is a sort of "Parallel Lives": the decline of the rich Berlinghieri family over the first half of our century, even as their tenant farmers, the Dalcos, who, thanks to their faith in Marx, the manifold gifts of young Olmo Dalco, and the ineluctable march of history, rise to the top. The two particularly parallel lives—albeit in opposite directions—are those of Olmo Dalco and Alfredo Berlinghieri: pals in childhood and young manhood, they end up with Olmo trying Alfredo before a people's court, and finding him guilty.



The screenplay, by two Bertoluccis, Bernardo and Giuseppe, and one Franco Arcalli, is sheer parlor-Communist claptrap. The Berlinghieris are, for the most part, stupid or corrupt; if they have honesty, it is undermined by weakness; if they have strength, it is vitiated by backwardness. Their last strong patriarch is a man of the past century who ends up hanging himself in a pigsty amid dung and mud. His younger son and heir ends similarly, without even enjoying his father's power; the older son becomes an artist, outcast, homosexual, and Fascist for the sake of contraband cocaine. Alfredo, the basically decent grandson, is destroyed by money, ease, and an unhappy marriage—as a mere capitalist, he is naturally unable to satisfy his essentially warm but decadent and restless wife who, equally naturally, is drawn to Olmo's Communist virility. It goes without saying that Olmo's Communist decency forbids adultery.

Why rehearse any more of this tendentious drivel? It does, however, have its piquant sidelights. For a film that all but equates Fascism with pederasty and sadism, *1900* dawdles curiously over male nudity and waxes peculiarly sentimental over the quasi-sexual closeness of Olmo and Alfredo; we see them, among other things, fornicating simultaneously with an epileptic prostitute (epileptic to satisfy Bertolucci's lust for the morbid and sensational)—a classic surrogate for intercourse between men. Both as boys and as men, Alfredo and Olmo carry on a perfect love-hate relationship which, even if platonic, is by far the most passionate thing in the film. For the rest, it is mostly speciously murky politics and wallowing in quite literal excrement.

A frame-by-frame analysis of *1900* would reveal Bertolucci's tiresome adherence to derivative and often platitudinous devices—for example, the trick of denoting the passage of time by panning up to the sky, then back down to another landscape some years later. Extreme long shots and boom shots are used with particular ostentation; in fact, the handling of the camera reminds me of the arrogant massiveness of Mussolinian architecture, so ponderously satirized by Bertolucci in *The Conformist*. His customary cinematographer, Vittorio Storaro, provides his usual studied effects that have a way of choking out what little humanity Bertolucci might inadvertently have let squeak through.

And what dismal performances the director gets from talented performers! Specialists in stolidity like Burt Lancaster and Sterling Hayden do not suffer greatly, but Robert De Niro and Gérard Depardieu fall very much short of their high standards, and lesser lights, such as Dominique Sanda and Stefania Sandrelli, disappear under Bertolucci's bushel. From a brazen ham like Donald Sutherland, we get a performance so appalling that we wonder whether he was directed with a cattle prod.

To give only one sample of how Bertolucci, in this supposedly historically accurate film about the passing of the padrones and coming of the comrades, falsifies facts, consider that all his Fascists are middle- and upper-class types, whereas all his Communists are peasants or workers. Which is about as far from truth as this clumsy director, who cannot even get good performances from those natural actors that children are, is from art.

If it is depressing to see how respectfully even reviewers who disliked *1900* treat young Bertolucci, it is downright ludicrous to note the critics and audiences groveling before every new piece of gratuitous tomfoolery that comes from the aged Luis Buñuel. The Spanish director has, to be sure, made four or five major films in his day, but since *Belle de Jour* (1967), which still had scattered through it some good things, he has gone into a decline for which senility would be the kindest explanation. His films have become progressively more guilty of what the late Charles T. Samuels (in a fine essay reprinted in his *Mastering the Film*) defined as "narrative opportunism," as a "commitment to incongruity" often consisting of nothing more than "a succession of switcheroos," titillating but self-contradictory. Yet most critics and many moviegoers accept the label "Buñuel" as a guarantee of quality, proving the charming indiscrimination of the bourgeoisie.

Buñuel's latest, *That Obscure Object of Desire*, is the sixth movie version of Pierre Louÿs' novel *Woman and Puppet* and, of the ones I've seen, much the worst. The book, dating from 1896, is an unprofound but dazzling study of a mature man's sexual obsession with a perverse young girl, and was a pioneer treatment in fiction of an archetypal sadomasochist relationship. Buñuel has turned this weird but impassioned and compelling tale into his brand of doddering, self-indulgent piling up of non-sequiturs. To begin with, he has double-cast Conchita, the

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temptress, with two actresses of whom neither is talented and only one is remotely attractive. The reason may be that one dances flamenco, the other doesn't; but since the dancing one is often cast in non-dance scenes, the effect is of sheer irrationality.

With his usual ungifted co-scenarist Jean-Claude Carrière, Buñuel defuses the tale of passion by reducing much of the relationship between hero and dual heroine to out-and-out farce, complete with Laurel-and-Hardyish dousings, and, further, by obtruding a series of wholly irrelevant terrorist activities as a nonsense refrain running through the movie. (To pretend that both the destructive love story and these kidnappings, assassinations, and explosions contribute to the portraying of a world gone mad is, I am afraid, too facile an explanation for the unintegrated jumbling of disparate fragments.) On top of all that, we get the characteristic bits of epigonous surrealism as when what seems to be a swaddled infant at a woman's breast is revealed as a suckling pig.

The gratuitousness of such farce and shock effects can be neither explained nor explained away, and Fernando Rey performs the protagonist with his usual suave urbanity, further undercutting the theme of desperate obsession. Yet sabotaging, indeed excising, this theme, the director leaves his film with a gaping void at the center and pointless curlicues around the periphery. I don't know which is sadder: this last decade of disintegration in Buñuel (whose films, to be sure, always tended toward a certain lack of discipline), or the mindless adulation that heaps hosannas on such vagaries. □

The Ice Age
By Margaret Drabble
Knopf, 295 pp., $8.95

PARADISE LOST

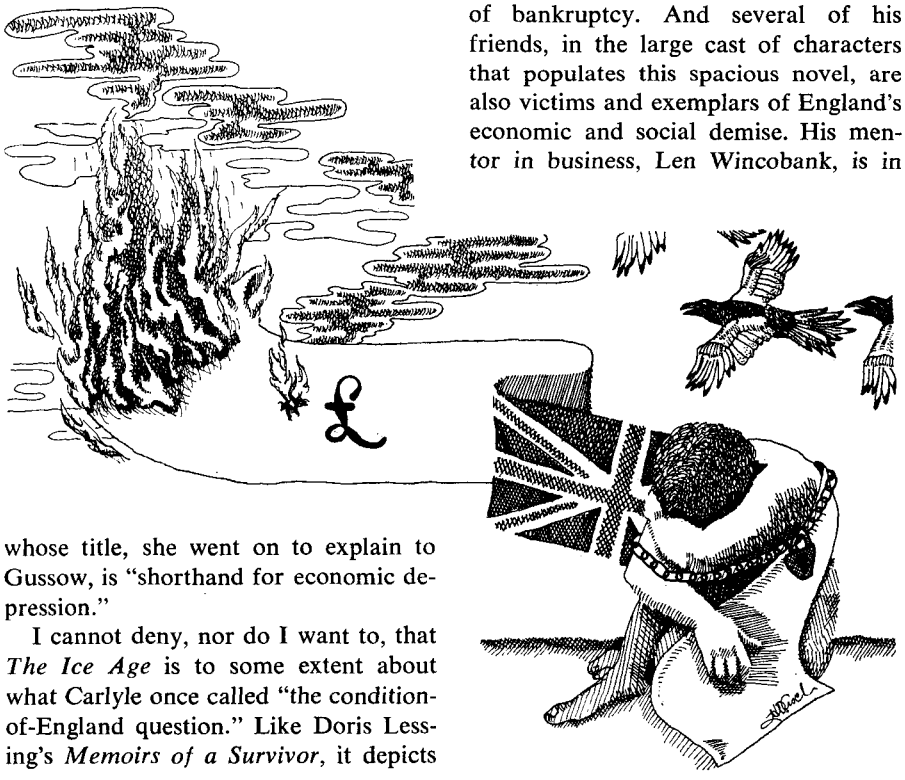
ELLEN CRONAN ROSE

Anna Wulf, the protagonist of Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook*, thinks that the novel "has become an outpost of journalism" and that only "one novel in five hundred or a thousand has the quality a novel should have to make it a novel—the quality of philosophy." Anna is a novelist suffering from writer's block, and she laments that she is "incapable of writing" that novel. Fortunately for us, Margaret Drabble does not share her incapacity.

The Ice Age, Drabble's eighth novel, opens with a pheasant and ends 295 pages later with a red-winged tree creeper; in between it asks the question, "Is there providence in the fall of a sparrow?"

Unfortunately, that question may well go unheard. If early reviews are any indication, *The Ice Age*—Drabble's most philosophical novel—will be read merely as skillful reportage. Already it has been lauded for its "bold attempt to describe and diagnose England's present ills" (*Times Literary Supplement*), for depicting "the drama of England's economic decline" (*Time*), for giving a "full and humane report on survival in Britain today" (*New York Times Book Review*). And Drabble herself has encouraged this approach.

"I'm very interested in the way society works," she told Mel Gussow of the *New York Times*. "I read about unexplained goings-on—and I want to know how they happened." When she read Oliver Marriott's *The Property Boom*, she was fascinated by the "romantic and strange" world of real estate speculation. So she decided to write a book about the property boom of the Fifties and Sixties and its collapse in the Seventies, and what it all might mean. The result was *The Ice Age*, whose title, she went on to explain to Gussow, is "shorthand for economic depression."



I cannot deny, nor do I want to, that *The Ice Age* is to some extent about what Carlyle once called "the condition-of-England question." Like Doris Lessing's *Memoirs of a Survivor*, it depicts a country "over which depression lay like a fog." "This is the state of the nation," says Drabble's omniscient narrator, in a ruminative aside which many will take as the key to the novel: "A huge icy fist, with large cold fingers, was squeezing and chilling the people of Britain, that great and puissant nation, slowing down their blood, locking them into immobility, fixing them in a solid stasis, like fish in a frozen river."

Anthony Keating, the novel's protagonist, may be seen as typifying the condition of England. Indeed, that is how he sees himself: "He, like the nation, was living beyond his means, on borrowed time and borrowed money." Like England, Anthony is on the verge of bankruptcy. And several of his friends, in the large cast of characters that populates this spacious novel, are also victims and exemplars of England's economic and social demise. His mentor in business, Len Wincobank, is in

Mrs. Rose is a professor of English at Dartmouth and the author of The Tree outside the Window, *a book on Doris Lessing.*

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jail for fraud; Len's girlfriend, Maureen, is worried because her aunt is being evicted from her tenement, which is to be razed in a program of urban renewal. Anthony himself worries about squatters infesting his vacant London house.

But although England is "sliding, sinking, shabby, dirty, lazy, inefficient, dangerous, in its death-throes, worn out, clapped out, occasionally lashing out," that cannot really explain most of the problems facing the central characters in the novel. Anthony himself is not so much concerned about the prospect of bankruptcy as he is about the reasons for it. At first he thinks it is "logical." He has "the satisfaction of knowing that it was all his own fault." He is not so certain, however, that it makes sense that he, at 38, should have had a heart attack; that should more logically have happened to his partner, Giles, who eats, drinks, and smokes too much. Anthony can see no sense either in the bizarre accident that kills his associate, Max Friedmann, and maims Friedmann's wife, Kitty. Nor does the economic freeze help Anthony—or the reader—explain the misery of his lover, Alison Murray. Alison has two daughters. The younger has cerebral palsy and a probable IQ of 60. The elder is imprisoned in Wallacia, a fictional country behind the Iron Curtain. "What was it for?" Anthony wonders. "A joke, a trial, a punishment? Too much had been asked of Alison."

Although *The Ice Age* appears to be more concerned with the current social, political, and economic crisis in England than with timeless and unanswerable questions about "Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,/ Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute" (*Paradise Lost*, II. 559-560), it is in fact that one novel out of five hundred or a thousand that Anna Wulf was waiting for. It is a philosophical novel. And the philosophical question it raises is the question of justice.

If I turn to Milton to understand this compelling novel, I am authorized by Margaret Drabble to do so. She has prefaced *The Ice Age* with two epigraphs, Wordsworth's "Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:/England hath need of thee . . ." and Milton's own impassioned apostrophe to his native land: "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant Nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks . . ."

It is the Milton of *Areopagitica* whom Wordsworth invokes and Drabble quotes, the Milton who exhorted his "noble and puissant Nation" to fulfill its birthright. But once invoked, Milton will not be harnessed to Wordsworth's intention, or Drabble's. It is the Milton of "Lycidas" who infuses the pages of *The Ice Age*. Alison Murray, in Wallacia, "glimpsed for a moment, in the dark night, a primitive causality so shocking, so uncanny, that she shivered and froze. A world where the will was potent, not impotent: where it made, indeed, bad choices and killed others by them, killed them, deformed them, destroyed them." It is a vision uncannily like Milton's in "Lycidas," where "Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,/ And slits the thin spun life."

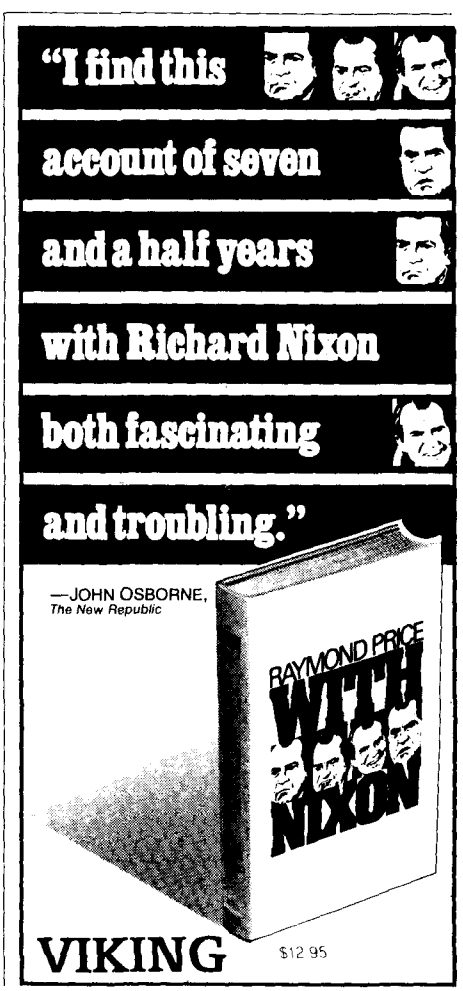
In "Lycidas," Milton records a spiritual crisis. If a young poet, full of promise, is drowned, is the universe ruled by justice? This question is rephrased and reiterated in *The Ice Age*: "I don't know what Max ever did to deserve it," Kitty Friedmann says of her husband's death. And Anthony wonders: "Why Kitty, why Max, why Anthony Keating? Why had the punishments been so unrelated to the offenses?" Alison's response to her terrible vision is to close her eyes: "one must continue to behave as though one believed in the accidental." But Anthony accepts the burden of freedom: "he had no choice but to go on making choices."

In the aftermath of the French Revolution, Wordsworth called on Milton to "give us manners, virtue, freedom, power." Called to Wallacia to rescue Alison's daughter, Anthony, the agnostic son of a clergyman, draws on his heritage for guidance: "I might as well accept that I belong to a world that has gone, reared in the shelter of a cathedral built to a faith that I have sometimes wished I could share, educated in ideals of public service which I have sometimes wished I could fulfill, a child of a lost empire, disinherited, gambler, drinker, hypocrite: and who am I to resist an appeal to a chivalric spirit that was condemned as archaic by Cervantes?" Trapped in Wallacia by a quirk of that Fate which has presided over the novel, Anthony continues to "represent Queen and Country with the polite and honorable codes of the English public school."

Anthony's response to the unanswerable question of justice is Milton's leap of faith. At the end of "Lycidas," after questioning Providence and observing the random malevolence of Fate, Milton makes the stunning and unexpected affirmation that Lycidas is not dead, "sunk though he be beneath the watry floor." What enables him to make this affirmation is faith, the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen. He wrote virtually no poetry for the next thirty years.

And then he wrote *Paradise Lost*, to "assert Eternal Providence,/ And justifie the wayes of God to men." So, at the end of *The Ice Age*, imprisoned in Wallacia, Anthony is writing a book "about the nature of God and the possibility of religious faith." Like Milton, "he cannot bring himself to believe in the random malice of the fates, those three grey sisters. He is determined, alone, to justify the ways of God to man."

So this remarkable novel ends. It would be more comfortable to live with if it were a piece of journalism. But it would not be the one novel in five hundred that it is. □



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The PRINTED WORD

TALKING BACK

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

The American Spectator (*né The Alternative*) is now observing its tenth anniversary. I wasn't a charter subscriber, but I was becoming a conservative about the time it came into existence, and I think I understand its original impulse. It is, quite simply, an earthy anti-Communism. Not born of a particular devotion to any opposite principle, economic, political, or religious, that can be readily formulated; nor out of particularistic hatred of America's rival in world affairs. (No, the reason for the antipathy is that the Communist states are terrorist regimes. They aren't just conventional despotisms; nor the kind of systems that grow, organically, out of cultures alien to our own, even though their variations are traceable to local differences. They are the result of concentrated firepower, supplemented by monopolistic control of modern modes of production, communication, transportation. The ideologies of national and class solidarities are only fictions to support the bogus solidarity created by the pervasive threat of death. A young man doesn't have to have a refined or settled notion of truth to hate such a lie. Communism is the salient political horror on earth, and those who tolerate it or regard it with faith, hope, and charity are morally defective.

The *Spectator* is a young man's magazine. Its editor, R. Emmett Tyrrell, is a boyish and exuberant Menckenophile who manages to get contributors of renown when he wants them: Kristol, Buckley, Muggeridge, Lipset, Revel, Worsthorne, Kenner, to name a few. But the striking thing about it is its constant discovery of the intellectual resources of young Middle America. It operates out of Bloomington, Indiana—M. Stanton Evans country—appearing almost monthly on large sheets of newsprint, illustrated here and there with cartoons and woodcuts that look straight out of Nast and Tenniel. Most of its contributors are young men and women, many of them students, who have no reputation in journalism. But deserve one, collectively, for their almost unfailing style and incisiveness in talking back to twentieth century fads.

The magazine is catching on now, and has been saluted not only by conservatives but in such publications as *Time* and *The New Republic*. As the list of contributing eminences suggests, the *Spectator*'s constituency ranges from libertarians to Tories to social democrats. Its specialty is the demolition of fellow-traveling intellectuals, old (Hellman types) and new (cold war revisionists). A Princeton student, John Fox, recently did a superb piece on "The Reasons for the Red Scare," with a dry reference to "a neglected figure of twentieth century history, Josef Stalin." The magazine made its whole July number a "Gala Summer Dictators Issue," recalling in a trenchant series of articles the Western in-

fatuations with Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, Mao, and, parallel-wise, "Eurocommunism."

Reflecting on the magazine's success, Tyrrell writes that its "vitality . . . reflects the vitality existing outside the citadels of reigning orthodoxy: the journals, the foundations, the think-tanks, and the universities, still dominated by the egalitarian whim-wham and the self-realization hoax." The same delusions, by the way, that still make them susceptible to the conviction that Soviet-armed "liberations" represent "genuine aspirations of Third World peoples"; hence the proliferation of terrorist states, with so little objection in the West. Says Tyrrell: "Never do we heave out a manuscript for its dangerous ideas, unless those ideas are anti-democratic or downright foolish. Consequently, we publish libertarians, conservatives, neo-conservatives, even liberals; radicals need not apply." The common denominator of the *Spectator*'s contributors is an attachment to constitutional democracy and a cool and critical hostility to the prevalent political crazes.

Tyrrell himself writes a kaleidoscopic slapstick serial editorial called "The Continuing Crisis"; its political invective I find crabbedly arch, Mencken being less his patron saint than his patron sinner (my prescription for bad prose: try to write like Mencken); but its careeningly understated narrative of less cosmic matters reduces me to the kind of laughter—violent whinnying that terminates in coughs and squirting eyes—which requires that I read it in a secluded place. Tyrrell is an accomplished wag. When Bill Buckley years ago sent out his annual appeal for help in *NR*'s own continuing crisis, Tyrrell, then a struggling student, goodnaturedly sent back a check for the entire quarter-million, with warm regards. (His bank balance was $27, which made his sacrifice all the more remarkable.)

He likes to keep cocktail party conversations moving along with remarks like, "Of course, we wouldn't be in this mess if Mr. Nixon were still President." He it was who termed *The New Republic*'s Richard Strout (TRB from Washington), who had asked rhetorically whether we'd have bombed Cambodia had its people been whites, an "ageless moral ham." When a Nashville hospital refused to complete the sex-change surgery of a woman whose Medicaid wouldn't cover the remaining operations, having already given her a hysterectomy and a double mastectomy, Tyrrell pronounced her "the only person in America built in conformity with HEW sex discrimination guidelines."

BUT YOU HAVE TO read Tyrrell at some length to get hit by the real delirium. His humor, like that of George Carlin (whose send-ups of newscasts "The Continuing Crisis" resembles), inheres largely in its madcap momentum. Just to give you the flavor: "Father Fox, a modern cleric whose only vice is that he believes in people, attempted to help mourners at the girl's funeral 'to give up their hostilities'; he asked that they donate to a defense fund for the accused killer. Unfortunately, the response was sheer know-nothingism." Oh, one more: "Mr. Keith Baynes, the likable albeit harebrained New Yorker who attempted to rob the European-American bank, languishes in jail all because of his slovenly penmanship, his cooperative nature, and the treachery of bank teller Miss Kitty Madden, who coolly returned Mr. Baynes's robbery note protesting that she found it

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illegible. As Mr. Baynes dutifully labored over his second draft, she tripped the silent alarm and Mr. Baynes was set upon even as he carved out 'This is a . . .' "

All this, and anti-Communism too! □

The GIMLET EYE

THE AMOS AND ANDY YOUNG SHOW

D. KEITH MANO

The night is wired. Synchronize and count it down. I smell a human cordite: unpleasant, exciting, rough. The big pin has been jerked: minutes are minutes-to. Now Andrew Young will speak: ten words, twenty, forty-three, -four, -five—

HELL NO, PLO!
CARTER AND YOUNG MUST GO!

Flock! 8 × 11 confetti unpages down, in tick-tock rhythm, pendulum-ing, bickering with itself, out of the balcony here at Congregation B'nai Jeshurun. A middle-class West Side audience—many with cut-rate senior citizen bus passes in their pockets—is afraid, is re-yarmulke'd with flurrying anti-PLO propaganda.

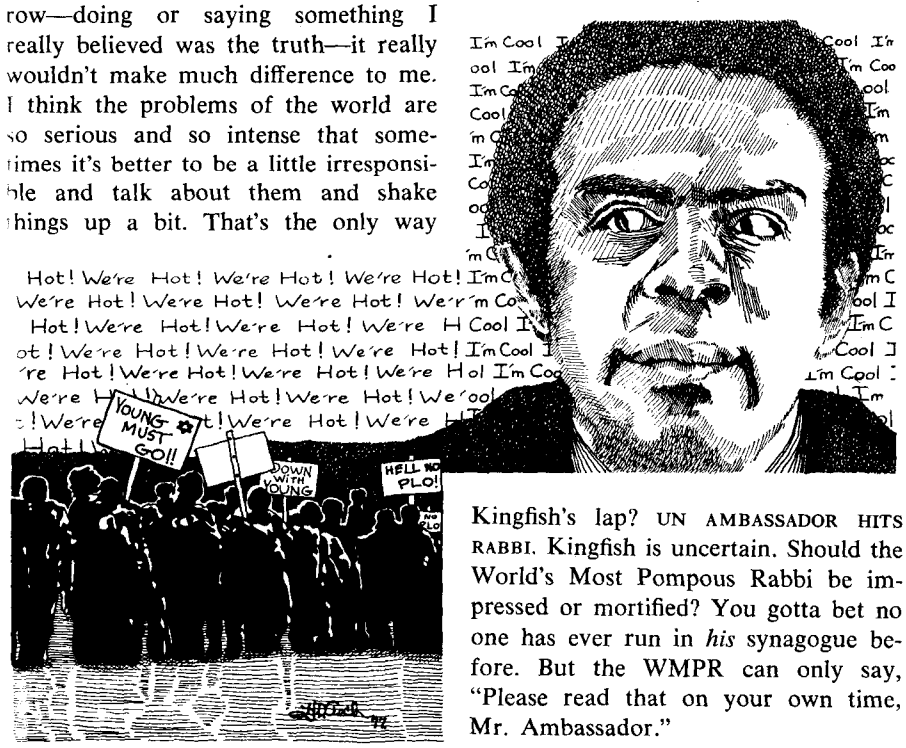
ANDREW YOUNG MUST GO!

Red light: They've peaked my tape machine. Six late-adolescent Jews give Andrew Young a nine-minute standing *kvetch*. Policemen have lounged in by now: uncomfortable: with the characteristic party-crasher look that all cops get. They want a high sign. But Andy Young, onstage, is just high: entertained, amused. And William Kingfish Berkowitz—winner once again of my Sholom Aleichem Award for World's Most Pompous Rabbi—would rather not let probably Gentile police ungentle young Jews the hell out.

But Andrew Young is equal to the occasion. I mean *exactly* equal. In American politics Andrew Young is just this sort of occasion: a loud, unruly incident. "I don't have any problem with protestors. I've spent about twenty years of my life protesting. But —in some ways—you win me support when you don't give me a chance to speak. The chances are, if given a chance to speak, I'll hurt myself more than you'll hurt me." Young laughs. Booing from up there. "Don't boo me for nothing. Wait until I say something you really disagree with." Laughs again. "Then you'll have registered for something specific."

If there is such a thing as off-white, Andrew Young is off-black: handsome: more Caucasian-looking than I am: not colored, tinted—nuanced. A token black face. The kind of O. J. Simpson, Westport market-tested skin you see on TV commercials, tough for the color tuning to get right. Yet Young is, like Muhammad Ali, a contemporary Negro vaudeville figure. He will go, Who-me? bug-eyed: the rhetoric is a grandchild of "dozens" black joshing: good-natured, innocuous, sharp. His statements and his cute arrogance are so overblown that they cannot be taken seriously, least of all by Young. Dour Jimmy Carter has just what the image men ordered in Andrew Young: his own, ethnically acceptable Martha Mitchell. "I think that I try to keep a certain freedom of speech and a certain freedom of thought that is independent of my government and the State Department, because sometimes I think that the State Department is a little unimaginative. I don't care about this job particularly. If I got fired tomorrow—doing or saying something I really believed was the truth—it really wouldn't make much difference to me. I think the problems of the world are so serious and so intense that sometimes it's better to be a little irresponsible and talk about them and shake things up a bit. That's the only way growth and change comes." Andrew Young would fit in a *Billy* Carter Administration.

What about the West Bank settlements? "Please give me a chance to answer before you boo. You're not going to agree with me. Though the U.S. is committed to Israel's integrity, there is no commitment in the U.S. to the expansion of the State of Israel." Confetti, another half-ream, has glided down for its landing. A heckler shouts. "I think it's harder to deal with the Middle East question in New York than it would be in Jerusalem." But Kingfish Berkowitz has had enough. "There's a hard and fast rule here, and we're going to abide by it. The questions are asked by myself. If you would like to ask the questions, go to the seminary, spend 27 years in the rabbinate, open up your own synagogue and ask them. Now, Mr. Ambassador —" "Just a minute, Rabbi—" And, fleet! Mr. Ambassador is gone. Flanker-swift, off, down, sprinting: great form. Halfway up the aisle he will scrounge one of the flown anti-PLO fliers. Then —I figure it's at least four feet up—with a slap-me-five-baby sweet leap, he's back, seated. Respect for protest and athletic spontaneity in one 2.08-second move. It's, I admire, a marvelous and risky gesture. Suppose Young had mis-taken that jump, had fallen heels over borrowed yarmulke into


Hot! We're Hot! We're Hot! We're Hot!
We're Hot! We're Hot! We're Hot! We're
Hot! We're Hot! We're Hot! We're
YOUNG MUST GO!!
DOWN WITH YOUNG
HELL NO PLO!

Kingfish's lap? UN AMBASSADOR HITS RABBI. Kingfish is uncertain. Should the World's Most Pompous Rabbi be impressed or mortified? You gotta bet no one has ever run in *his* synagogue before. But the WMPR can only say, "Please read that on your own time, Mr. Ambassador."

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Young grins, kittenish. He has them. There will be hard questions—PLO, racism-Zionism, 1967 boundaries—but no booing. You can only protest against what is serious. When was the last time Ronald McDonald got picketed? Young will answer easily and along State Department lines. "We've had a little different situation [in the UN] in the last year or so. And it's not just because I'm there. I think I get too much credit for the changes that have gone on. Um, there may not be that many changes. But there is a different mood and climate around the UN."

An old woman near me asks, "Who is he again?"

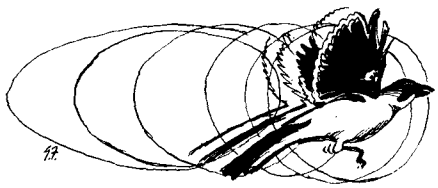
"Ssssh," her husband says, "Andrew Young, our Secretary of State."

And there are many more, I suspect, who have the same impression. Can Cyrus Who sprint? Could he outfox, or even face, this hostile audience? We forget, I guess, just how much attention Henry Kissinger absorbed. Young alone has charisma enough to sub for Kissinger. A suave, clown's charisma, sure: but then, the UN is a suave, clownish place. If Andrew Young has befuddled you, imagine what he does to Arabs and Soviets and Red Chinese. I think Andrew Young is useful, a comic distraction. And meanwhile, elsewhere, important, "unimaginative" diplomacy may—may—be done. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

PHILOSOPHER AT LARGE: *An Intellectual Autobiography, by Mortimer J. Adler (Macmillan, 329 pp., $12.95).* Dr. Adler is a very confused man, and the face he has wound up with shows that there is some justice in this world. The eyes are fine; serious; human. But the rest of the face is all an unpleasant softness; it is a commercial, not an intellectual face; and this account of his life explains why. The books that Dr. Adler liked and which left him so confused, though so human, serious, and highly commercial, became part of the standard backdrop of American education, and helped to change everything. Almost a million sets of them have been sold since 1952; countless Americans picked up the general, confused esteem for The Intellect which inspired his choices; businessmen in some strange manner were recruited to the cause of Modern Art, and when Aquinas was suddenly packaged and sold as one of the fifty great minds of the West, American Catholic colleges began to slip away from him, toward the other 49. Later Adler devoted his energies to producing an inferior version of the Encyclopedia Britannica, published in 1974. A man who has done so much to shape the popular idea of intelligent reading inevitably, when he writes his memoirs, throws some light on the world he helped to make; but this volume may leave a very unfavorable impression on those who *have* found out "how to read a book." Adler admires deep, humane, fundamental principles of belief and action, but he does not have any. He likes them even better if they demand moral earnestness, but he has very little of that. He is a salesman. FARLEY CLINTON

THE GAME THEY PLAYED, *by Stanley Cohen (Farrar, 246 pp., $8.95).* The college basketball scandal of the early 1950s was a shattering experience to those for whom the game seemed less a sport than



a secular religion. Twenty gifted athletes were indicted for their role in fixing games for professional gamblers. Intercollegiate hardwood competition was sullied by the seedy revelations, and countless youngsters were scarred by the sight of their heroes suddenly reduced to figures of scorn and then banished from the game. The author and I still carry those scars. Cohen's catharsis is worked out through this searing study of the painful days when his boyhood idol, Ed Roman, and the CCNY grand slam champions were convicted; the city game would never be the same again. The book is a stylist's delight: its writing crackles with the authenticity that only a true believer could offer to those who share his faith. One could *almost* forgive Cohen's occasional flaws of innuendo, dime-store political inference, and philosophical overkill. Almost, that is, until he indulges in churlish parochialism and claims the tragedy as a personal affront. This reviewer recalls the halcyon days of an Indianapolis childhood spent in devotion to Ralph Beard and the fabled Olympians. And then they were gone—along with many of my illusions. Even by "provincial" Midwestern standards, Stan, the price was high.

ALAN L. MILLER

A RAGE FOR CHINA, *by Robert Payne (Holt, Rinehart, 276 pp., $10).* Robert Payne, the historian, served in China during and after the Japanese War. He learned the language, loved the culture, married a high-born Chinese woman, and visited Mao in the Communist redoubt at Yenan. Thirty years later, after Mao's death, he was allowed to return to China on a standard three-week propaganda tour. This book is an account of his trip, set against his dramatic experiences in the war years, and against the immensity of the Chinese past. He is delightfully wry about the perversities of his know-nothing guides and the system they represent. They kept him from going forty miles off the prescribed track to see the birthplace of wicked, feudal Confucius, but he was able to cajole them into allowing him to make a three-mile detour to see the Yellow River. He writes beautifully about Hangchow's Western Lake and mountains, and movingly about ancient heroes such as Yo Fei, who is buried there. He thinks the Communists have abolished poverty (!) but bewails the mindless totalitarian system, which he compares to the doctor who cures the aching tooth by sawing the jaw off. What he saw in 1976 inspires him to vivid accounts of his extraordinary past: his watching the Japanese burn a workers' quarter in Shanghai; his life in his wife's 240-room, stone-lion-guarded palace in Peking; Mao after hours in Yenan, nonplussed by a bad American war movie, with the handsome Chiang Ch'ing, eagerly questioning people. A fine book! FRANCIS B. RANDALL

IN THE FLESH, *by Hilma Wolitzer (Morrow, 288 pp., $8.95).* Hilma Wolitzer has little in common with today's female novelists. She fails to understand self-pity, is not "searching for herself," and never blames men for anything. She is, in fact, an indefatigable optimist with a nice bouncy sense of humor. Her zestful style, reminiscent of Jean Kerr, makes this second novel highly entertaining, though slight. *Ending*, her first novel, a masterful rendering of a profound theme, concerned a young husband's gradual death; it was perhaps inevitable that a lesser book would be spawned by a lesser theme, the imminent demise of a marriage. However, there is no trendy ambiguity about the problem Paulette has with her husband, Howard. It is very simple: How does she hang on to him? She is a pushy, motherly sort whose primary sins are overeating and waking with an invariable sense of happiness. But when Howard leaves their cozy nest for an exotic, skinny neighbor, Paulette reluctantly embarks on a life of pot-smoking, nude modeling, and sex with a boy her children refer to as "doggie." She finds it all rather silly. Of course, when this solicitous, loving soul decides to seduce her husband—with baked apples and applied bandaids—the glamorous Mrs. X never has a chance. Although this cheering slice of soap-opera nostalgia is an improvement on reality, it's a bit too sane to be true. CAROLE CLEAVER

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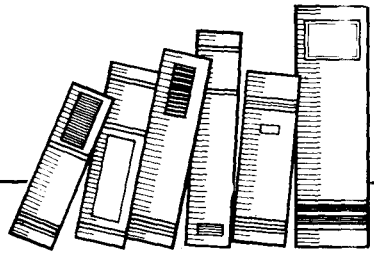

Dark Horses

THE USUAL TRICK in writing a book review is to suggest you already know everything worth knowing about the matter under discussion, and then to gauge the author's performance according to how he measures up to your encyclopedic knowledge of his subject.

Such a pose would be theoretically possible with respect to Ovid Demaris' *Brothers in Blood* (Scribner's, $12.50), since the international terrorism he examines is a topic on which there is a fair amount of public information. But, as a great American once said, it would be *wrong*. For Demaris has woven together so many strands of data concerning global terror that his study is a thoroughly novel contribution to our sum of knowledge.

While the author has no discernible axe to grind and lays out blame impartially to governments and political factions, a number of points emerge from his analysis. He makes it tolerably plain, for instance, that the recent binge of assassinations, kidnappings, political bank jobs, and the like are overwhelmingly the result of far-Left revolutionary politics as taught and practiced at the modern university. The violent criminals of the Left ("Carlos," Ulrike Meinhof, the Japanese United Red Army) are chiefly products of the upper-middle-class intelligentsia. Demaris also shows that the terrorist bands engaged in such activity form an international network, stretching from Asia through the Middle East to Europe and on to the Americas. They are linked by a common outlook (half-baked Marxist nihilism), common manuals (Marighela, Debray), and a common regard for certain theoreticians (Fanon, Marcuse).

Finally, Demaris demonstrates that this global network is actively abetted and subsidized by Marxist governments, most notably the Soviet Union, Communist Cuba, and Libya. Rare is the terrorist group of any consequence that cannot boast its share of AK-47s, financing from Moscow or Havana, landing rights in Algiers or Tripoli.

Linkage among global terrorists is also the subject of Congressman Lawrence P. McDonald's *Trotskyism and Terror* (ACU Education and Research Institute, 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003; $2), to which this writer had the honor of contributing an introduction. Working from internal memoranda of the Socialist Workers Party, McDonald shows that the Trotskyist Fourth International provides a worldwide hookup among terrorist elements, from Latin America to Ireland. His researches confirm in full the verdict of Demaris. (See also Herbert Romerstein's "A Transnational Threat," *NR*, Nov. 25.)

In addition, McDonald proves that the SWP—contrary to its recent advertising as a "peaceful socialist group"—is the American branch of the Fourth International, and thus in constant touch with those who preach and practice terror around the world. The SWP leadership stakes its claim to peacefulness on the fact that it opposes isolated acts of terror, right now, because these would be counterproductive for revolutionary purposes. Readers of this study will agree, I think, that the SWP should have been under FBI surveillance right along, and should be there still.

AS AN EFFORT to explain the causes of terrorism, Dr. Frederick Hacker's *Crusaders, Criminals, Crazies* (Norton, $9.95), is exceedingly uneven. It contains some anecdotal information about recent acts of terror and some persuasive if not exactly novel ruminations on the psychology involved (anomie, synthetic religious fervor, etc.), which keep the book from being entirely useless. But its treatment of the ideological components is laughable (Marxists Lee Harvey Oswald and Sirhan Sirhan are described as being "without political motive") while some of the suggested remedies (rapid social change, some kind of international status for terrorists) read like the thought balloons from a Jules Feiffer entertainment.

—M. STANTON EVANS

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[HERMAN] HERST [JR.]:

Stories to Collect Stamps by

Throughout the entire Civil War, the Confederate Post Office showed a consistent profit, and . . . when the War ended, as one of the spoils of victory, the North tried to induce John H. Reagan, the Postmaster General, to take the job in Washington.

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BUCKLEY

(Continued from page 1492)

would be glad to draw the curtain on the insides of the machine and see if I could not put things right. I did not tell her that a screwdriver in my hand is less useful than a computer in the hands of an aborigine. My unexplicated rule of thumb is that screwdrivers have numinous powers when applied to the tangled webs of technology.

But after I unscrewed the underside panel of the machine and shone the flashlight up on the workings of the projector, acutely conscious of my audience, my heart sank. I stared, as I'd have done at rows of Chinese calligraphy, when the voice under me spoke: "Come on, Bill. Get out of the way. You reactionaries wouldn't know how to fix a broken wheel." I took the flashlight out of my mouth, slithered back down the large intenstine of the machine, and handed the light, and the screwdriver, to Hubert Humphrey, until two years earlier Vice President of the United States. Taking the flashlight, he slid up into the darkness with total confidence, and began to bark orders to me. Screwdriver. Pliers. Something long and thin—"like a giant needle." At my disposal now was the 747's vast tool box, and I strove to please.

In the course of an hour he asked for everything except a Scotch and soda, with which, in my position as apprentice, rump on the staircase, head inside the projection bulkhead, I consoled myself. Hubert chattered on endlessly, reading aloud the arcane instructions that surrounded the tortuous passage the 16-millimeter film declined to follow. Finally the stewardess told me that dinner was being served, and I bellowed the information up to the spelunker, who was chatting away about how, finally, he was confident he had located the difficulty. Eventually I announced that I was capitulating, but that the entire inventory of tools was now within his reach. "You go ahead and eat, Bill. I'll have this licked in a minute."

It was two hours later that, defeated, he climbed wearily down, and exuberantly attacked his cold dinner. But meanwhile I was distracted. The captain of the airship had sent down word: Would I care to witness an instrument landing? He was a fan, and was waiving the no-spectator rule. Excitedly, as the sun came down over London, I strapped myself into the little extra chair in the cockpit, to witness the great technological feat. We were on the final descent when the dialogue was interrupted by a knock. The engineer opened the door slightly, and there was—Hubert Humphrey. "I wonder," he said beaming, "would it be all right if I also peeked?" My wife had given out the word of my whereabouts, and Hubert Humphrey was not about to go through life admitting that he had never witnessed an instrument landing even though a Tory had done so. The situation, in the tight little cockpit, was socially embarrassing because there was no extra seat, and the effort to proffer my own was acrobatically impossible. "No no no no no, I'll just squat down right here." Which he did, and, together, we witnessed that workaday miracle, a 747 making a perfect touchdown under the guidance of electronic hands. My companion, they say, is headed for another touchdown, under the guidance of other hands, but they will look after him, I feel certain, and smile at his inability to fix the machine on the 747, merely one more in a long series of terrestrial failures, but God knows he tried. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Marcos and the Philippines

On The Right

Manila, Nov. 14—To understand Marcos, or—rather—to *try* to understand him, requires a little concentration on what happened to the Philippines, and to him, during the Second World War. Fortunately, the attention does not wander because, in its gruesome way, the story is fascinating. Perhaps the basic datum is that during the occupation of the Philippines by the Japanese, ferocity was rampant. The Japs killed one million people, 1/17th of the population in those days. Comparable figures for the United States would be the slaughtering of 12 million people over a period of four years. The reason the Japanese acted so brutally is that in the Philippines —unique among the occupied countries— there was an organized resistance. A young lawyer, recently graduated first in his class, Ferdinand Edralin Marcos, figured prominently in that resistance.

Endeavoring to help the Americans besieged at Corregidor, Marcos was caught by the Japanese, wounded, and dragged along on the famous Bataan Death March. He survived the march, and for his pains was turned over to a Japanese torturer, whom we shall call Mr. Shintu. Instructed to get from Marcos his knowledge of the resistance, Mr. Shintu experimented with a number of devices including filling Marcos' belly with water and jumping on it; though settling, mostly, for simple, savage beatings with a club. Marcos agreed finally to lead a Japanese detachment to the resistance center but contrived instead to lead it into the arms of an ambush which wiped out the Japanese and liberated Marcos. "It was at the hands of the torturers," he said years ago to a reporter, "that I learned to hate."

For six months after his escape, Marcos stalked Mr. Shintu, and when finally the day came and he had him at the other end of his rifle, Marcos called out to him. Shintu turned his head, muttered the name of the young man he had tortured, and died. Marcos had been living on the strength of that purposive hatred, and collapsed with fatigue and fever that took him out of action for six months, leaving him time to win, in the two and one-half years left of the war, only two Silver Stars, five Purple Hearts, one Distinguished Service Medal, and one recommendation for a Congressional Medal of Honor.

In one action, he sought to liberate his father. The Japanese, seeking the whereabouts of Marcos—now renowned in the resistance—and his younger brother, announced they would kill the elder Marcos unless he led them to his sons. Organizing a rescue operation, Marcos learned that the Japanese planned to kill his father if attacked. Marcos sent word to his younger brother, coming in from the other end of the valley, to hold his fire. But it was too late: impulsively, the attack had been launched. When the smoke had cleared, they learned that their father had been hanged.

DID HIS CAPACITY to hate survive the war? I asked, and President Marcos said, No. Because when the war was over, the Filipinos suddenly found themselves fighting an internal enemy, the Huk Communist insurgents. Marcos was astonished to find that his own countrymen were capable of cruelties no different from those committed by the Japanese. And then, in 1966, as president of the Philippines, he was given a state dinner by the Emperor of Japan in Tokyo, after which a most extraordinary ceremony took place. Led into a private room, Marcos found several dozen aging little men. They had been the officers in charge of the Philippines, the men against whom Marcos had fought and bled. What did they say? "They apologized to me. And their spokesman said that, in other times, the apology would have been objectified by handing over to the president of the Philippines a freshly severed finger contributed by one of the generals as a token of expiation."

So: Is President Marcos, with that background, himself now the head of a torture establishment? I put it to him, and he denies it with passion and contempt. But there are no grounds for denying that there has been widespread torture since Marcos declared martial law in 1972. And, as always, the same question arises —recently asked about the Greek Colonels, and then about General Pinochet, and General Videla—Is the barbarity simply the way human beings act toward one another from time to time in straitened circumstances: or is there sanction from the top? My own guess would be that a man of Ferdinand Marcos' background—and the man I talked to extensively—would reject the pleasures of sadism. But my judgment is personal. □

THE FIRST LADY

Manila, Nov. 16—Carlos Romulo, Foreign Minister and the best-known Filipino of them all, matter-of-factly referred to Imelda Romualdez Marcos as the "vice president of the Philippines." She is not that by title, although she is the governor of Manila, and not since Robert Moses let New York City slip out of his hands has any human being come so close to totally dominating a city.

The First Lady (as she is universally referred to) is the most active woman in Asia, and has the builder's equivalent of a green thumb. She merely looks in a particular direction, and before you know it a huge complex has sprung up. A hotel, a convention center, a cultural center, a heart hospital. I do not know her astrological coordinates, but there is something there that favors ten and one-half months. Because in that length of time, great buildings rise, from architectural drawings to flowers in the elevators. It is not only the speed that is remarkable, but the distinctive beauty and ingenuity of design.

And there is no doubting it, touring these places in the company of The First Lady, that she animates her vast enterprises. As she walks about them, pointing out this detail or that, the staff is obsequious rather in the way people used to be toward Eleanor Roosevelt. Their gestures suggest a reverence born of gratitude, not fear. Although she travels about with an enormous security staff—three cars in front, four behind, perhaps a total of twenty bodyguards and police—she seems to be hugely popular. It does her no harm, to be sure, that she is one of the most beautiful women in the world. And although she has enemies (this is an appro-

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priate time to reiterate the cliché that all powerful and enterprising people do have enemies), it is hard to doubt her motives. Her determination to help her people has an elemental force. And the difference between her determination and, say, that of Lady Bird Johnson, is that Imelda is the right hand of Ferdinand Marcos, and in the right hand of Ferdinand Marcos, at the moment, is the executive, the legislature, and the judiciary of the Republic of the Philippines.

At our initial encounter, The First Lady came right up with a matter I had taxed her husband with that morning. *Time* magazine a while ago, doing a story on Marcos, had written: "The contemporary world figure admired most by both Marcos and Imelda is China's Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Reason: Mao, as the President puts it, united '800 million volatile and historically disparate and separated people.' Except for the population figure, the phrase could equally apply to the Philippines . . ."

It being my conviction that to admire Mao Tse-tung for effecting a certain ideological unity in his people is on the order of admiring Adolf Hitler for effecting a certain ethnic unity in *his* people, I had given the President a hard time on that one, and the vice president's first order of business was to explain it all to me. I sat there and listened to that exquisite woman go on about Chairman Mao. ("I have known three popes . . . I tell you there is nobody who irradiates the kind of . . . holiness . . . that flowed out of Chairman Mao . . .") And then, before I knew what had happened to me, The First Lady said that, in a certain way, she saw resemblances between me and Chairman Mao.

I've always known that I irradiated holiness, but had never thought that the Chairman and I shared any other common habits of mind. But as, in the many hours ahead spent in The First Lady's company, I dwelt on this extraordinary attitude toward Mao—remember, Ferdinand Marcos is as strikingly intelligent as any leader on earth—I concluded that the Occidental insistence on due process is in the eyes of most of the world really nothing more than a kind of cultural idiosyncrasy. I suppose that old monster Mao did have a certain personal charm. But in much of Asia he is judged by purely instrumental criteria: he did succeed not in "uniting"—that is a presumptuous word to use about modern China—his people, but in emerging as their unchallenged spokesman. Just so, Mao Tse-tung worshipped—Stalin. And there is no question that in the same way Mao did it to China, Stalin "united" the people of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. But what is a woman like Imelda Marcos—whose husband winces at the suggestion that he personally sanctions torture; and his regime, for all that it evolved into martial law, is not guilty, to anyone's knowledge, of executing a single political prisoner—doing, worshipping at the altar of Mao Tse-tung?

Perhaps I have proffered the explanation: He got things done, never mind what historian Barbara Tuchman has airily dismissed as the "negative aspects" of his regime. Imelda Marcos too is determined to get things done, and my eyes are witness to the prodigality of her achievements. □

TRANSPLANTING DEMOCRACY

Manila, Nov. 18 —It is not disputed that Ferdinand Marcos was identified during the early days of his political career as a fierce defender of human rights and civil liberties. Then, having been twice elected as president, with a year left before his term of office ran out, he declared martial law. That was five years ago, and, although elections of a sort are scheduled, there is considerable skepticism in Manila that they will evolve into a democracy on the Western model. And this troubles Ferdinand Marcos not at all.

"You came," he says referring to the U.S. occupation of the Philippines from 1898 to 1946, "and tried to plant your kind of democracy with us. It didn't work" —he shrugs his shoulders. "It would require more than fifty years to adapt an American apple tree to grow in Philippine soil. Why should it surprise anyone that American democracy didn't take root?" The answer is that it did surprise many people. The journalistic literature of the Forties and Fifties constantly referred to the Philippines as the showcase of American colonialism, in which we had planted the seeds of political liberty which now had germinated, and were shedding their blooms on Philippine society.

Now on this point there is a learned debate. Many critics of Marcos concede that democracy was *not* working in the Philippines. They point to the sundering experience of national elections. In his political battle against the incumbent Diosdado Macapagal in 1965, Marcos spent $8 million, as did his opponent. In U.S. terms, that's $100 million. And that in a country whose per capita income was in the neighborhood of $200. Private armies were mobilized by individual families and clans. Votes were bribed, coerced, forged. When on September 22 Marcos invoked martial law, he did so pursuant to a provision in the Philippines' Constitution that permitted him to do so in the event of an "imminent rebellion."

In fact there was such a rebellion, by the Moslem minority in the south, which to this day continues, though it is substantially subdued. But gradually it transpired that President Marcos had declared martial law in the name of combatting the rebellion, but for other purposes. He intended, athwart the legislature and the courts which were frustrating him in the way that these institutions in the Third Republic of France frustrated effective leadership, to promulgate a social program, including land redistribution (generally deemed successful) and better housing and jobs for the urban poor (generally deemed less successful). It is his conviction that such progress as is being made in the Philippines toward economic upward mobility and social stability is being made because democratic practices were put in abeyance.

Salvador Lopez, former Foreign Minister and former president of the University of the Philippines, disagrees sharply. He takes the orthodox position that whatever excuse Marcos had in 1972, in 1977 he has none. "The Constitution did not provide for martial law for the purpose of effecting social programs. And such social programs as Marcos is attempting to promulgate will themselves not grow organically in the absence of political freedom."

Well, well. Where have we heard those arguments before? In Brazil. In Chile. In Argentina. In Malaysia. In Africa. There are traces of them in the baptismal rites of the Fifth Republic in France. In Argentina, early this year, the great Jorge Luis Borges, surveying a century's experience with democracy, ventured the opinion that perhaps Argentina would be ready to try again "in about five hundred years. No"—he paused, reflectively—"that is too optimistic. In about a thousand years." In Portugal many years ago an exiled anti-Franco professor ventured that he despised only one creature more than he despised Franco, namely the character who said that what Spain needed was a democracy on the Western model. "I have a great admiration for the American Constitution, but if I wished it to obtain in Spain, I would import not the Constitution, but Americans."

My own judgment is that Marcos must be judged, finally, by his respect for human rights, on the understanding that political liberty is a rare thing and, in any case, of purely instrumental significance. Dr. Johnson reminded us that the end of political liberty is personal liberty. If the latter can be achieved by Marcos even without the former, he will have served his country. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. The legal rules formerly applied to cases arising in commerce — 17 33 71 64 143 156 161 168 176 190 / 46

B. Creek in Bedford County, Penna. — 32 52 136 125 113 209

C. A feeling of weariness — 56 80 100 108 120

D. A manual — 103 82 54 35 16 207 214 165

E. Unscramble TERGIVERSATION — 47 4 58 104 124 135 62 173 171 212 / 166 14 39 59

F. Islands north of the Maldives — 128 194 170 49 204 91 37 189 192

G. A game played on grass — 158 65 78 97 112 146 118 172 3 186

H. Where dishonest brokers ought to be put — 164 196 174 211 178 11 23 34 70 127 / 60 137 145 149

I. An occupation (sounds like something a happy cat might wear) — 1 21 43 48 63 6 41

J. Opposition — 188 183 51 44 83 202 154 25 19

K. Emptiness — 40 163 96 111 55 84 27 184 215

L. A word that readers of *The Raven* are not apt to forget — 195 187 8 206 57 138 179 210

M. The most common type of statistical error — 200 9 69 24 29 167 50 87 148 98 / 117 123 151

N. The Hawkeye State's first capital — 213 114 109 73 177 131 139 66

O. Treatment to cure stutterers — 7 42 53 68 22 72 81 85 90 2 / 15 28 61

P. YARD SHOP — 67 140 126 134 121 157 101 92

Q. To delineate clearly — 86 74 152 191

R. The man who inaugurated parcel post in United Kingdom — 36 110 102 181 12 132 119

S. Sweet sound — 89 197 122 133 93 105 75

T. What one of Longfellow's heroes caused (*not "the shot heard round the world"*) — 116 10 31 160 198 185 129 142 162 5 / 150 20 45

U. A golf shot — 144 203 115 13 76 182 193 201

V. Town in Ivory Coast — 175 153 94 199 79

W. Why may not that be the skull of a _____?—*Hamlet* — 26 99 130 106 18 208

X. Former name of the Methodist Youth Fellowship — 141 88 95 107 147 155 159 38 169 30 / 205 77 180

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1510 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

				1 I	2 O	3 G	4 E	5 T		6 I	7 O		8 L	9 M	10 T	11 H	12 R	13 U	14 E
15 O	16 D	17 A	18 W		19 J	20 T	21 I		22 O	23 H	24 M		25 J	26 W	27 K	28 O		29 M	30 X
31 T	32 B		33 A	34 H	35 D		36 R	37 F	38 X	39 E		40 K	41 I		42 O	43 I	44 J	45 T	46 A
	47 E	48 I		49 F	50 M	51 J	52 B	53 O	54 D	55 K	56 C	57 L	58 E		59 E	60 H		61 O	62 E
63 I		64 A	65 G	66 N		67 P	68 O	69 M	70 H		71 A	72 O	73 N	74 Q		75 S	76 U	77 X	
78 G	79 V	80 C	81 O		82 D	83 J		84 K	85 O	86 Q		87 M	88 X	89 S	90 O	91 F		92 P	93 S
94 V		95 X	96 K	97 G	98 M		99 W	100C	101P		102R	103D	104E	105S		106W	107X	108C	
109N	110R	111K	112G		113B	114N		115U	116T	117M	118G	119R		120C	121P		122S	123M	124E
125B	126P	127H	128F	129T		130W	131N	132R	133S		134P	135E	136B	137H	138L		139N	140P	141X
	142T	143A	144U	145H	146G	147X		148M	149H		150T	151M		152Q	153V	154J	155X	156A	157F
158G		159X	160T		161A	162T	163K		164H	165D	166E	167M		168A	169X		170F	171E	172G
	173E	174H		175V	176A	177N	178H		179L	180X		181R	182U	183J		184K	185T	186G	187L
188J	189F	190A		191Q	192F		193U	194F	195L		196H	197S	198T	199V		200M	201U	202J	
203U	204F	205X	206L		207D	208W		209B	210L	211H	212E	213N	214D	215K					

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The Modern Little Red Hen.

Once upon a time, there was a little red hen who scratched about the barnyard until she uncovered some grains of wheat. She called her neighbors and said, "If we plant this wheat, we shall have bread to eat. Who will help me plant it?"

"Not I," said the cow.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Not I," said the pig.

"Not I," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen. And she did. The wheat grew tall and ripened into golden grain. "Who will help me reap my wheat?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Out of my classification," said the pig.

"I'd lose my seniority," said the cow.

"I'd lose my unemployment compensation," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen, and she did.

At last it came time to bake the bread. "Who will help me bake the bread?" asked the little red hen.

"That would be overtime for me," said the cow.

"I'd lose my welfare benefits," said the duck.

"I'm a dropout and never learned how," said the pig.

"If I'm to be the only helper, that's discrimination," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen.

She baked five loaves and held them up for her neighbors to see.

They all wanted some and, in fact, demanded a share. But the little red hen said, "No, I can eat the five loaves myself."

"Excess profits!" cried the cow.

"Capitalist leech!" screamed the duck.

"I demand equal rights!" yelled the goose.

And the pig just grunted. And they painted "unfair" picket signs and marched round and round the little red hen, shouting obscenities.

When the government agent came, he said to the little red hen, "You must not be greedy."

"But I earned the bread," said the little red hen.

"Exactly," said the agent. "That is the wonderful free enterprise system. Anyone in the barnyard can earn as much as he wants. But under our modern government regulations, the productive workers must divide their product with the idle."

And they lived happily ever after, including the little red hen, who smiled and clucked, "I am grateful. I am grateful."

But her neighbors wondered why she never again baked any more bread.

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♫...*Nine la-dies danc-ing,*
Ten lords a-leap-ing,
'Leven pi-pers pip-ing,
Twelve drum-mers drum-ming,
And a par-tridge in a pear tree!♫

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